tiger

Sports for SNOWBOUND LOVERS

MARCH Oc

HOW TO MAKE OUT AT A SKI RESORT

THE TIGERS ROAR

SEND ALL LETTERS TO TIGER MAGAZINE 624 S MICHIGAN AVE CHICAGO 5
All letters must be signed. Names will be omitted if so requested

James Forrestal.....

I hardly see how we Tiger of the Pact. We Americans should be thankful that this unbelieved person has removed from power. Mr. Truman and you try to clean dirty work and sound downright silly.

James E. Terrill
Ninth Bergen N. J.

The Essential Cases: 1947 in the Top Secret Files of Washington. Where there is smoke there's fire.

.....*Billy Mitchell*

re: Mr. Lanham's letter to the Detroit TIGER.

I stand by what I wrote. Mitchell considered the Camel such a bad ship that he refused to use it to the squadron under his command. My information came from reliable sources including persons who were on the scene and is corroborated by entries in Mitchell's own diary under date of June 1918.

Mr. Lanham points out that two American squadrons the 148th and the 17th were equipped with Camels. True, but both of these outfits were brigaded with the British and operated as part of the Royal Air Force. There were no choice but them but to fly Camels.

Here is what a flight commander in the 148th thought of Mr. Sopwith's little nightmare. "It was so small that even a pinkel edition pilot had to be fitted in with a chute, boat, with a petrol tank at the back a safety motor in his lap and two machine guns level with his face. If he manadged a landing on bad any unexpected contact with the ground the engine and tank came together in the great deployment of his kidneys the machine gone slipped him in the face and the ground pitted him firmly on top of the head. Naturally every one wanted to fly them."

Some men were prises would jump 70 feets at the mere mention of the word Camel. And they were so hated to fly that more men were killed in training, trying to master *the right hand spin* than ever got to the front to give the young, Hone tar get practice.

A Camel was so short that it would roll if its main accord due to torque and naturally a safety motor increased and emphasized the torque. Flying a Camel was just like riding a gyroscope that was not in balence.

On one first patrol the whole outfit kept getting into right hand spine and the Hone thought we were giving an exhibition. The first Hun we saw jumped a couple of times at show me that he could stunt too. (Noetzinne Militaire by Elliott White Springs Daven. 1927.)

As for the Camel versus the Fokker the general (Mitchell) wrote in his diary in June 1918. The Sopwith Camel would be no match for them (Fokkers) in the kind of fighting we are having at Chateau Thierry. In the best seller Wm. Bude on anonymous author (actually Lt. Cudell) wrote under August 27 1918. A Camel went right e Fokker and the Britch knew it.

Lanine credits the Camel's maneuverability for Roy Brown's victory over Richthofen. In 1935 Brown himself told Capt. Ezel Findley that he did not name nerves Richthofen in e dogfight but sneeked up him behind. It wee e mere matter I straight shooting. Neither (Richthofen and his intended victim) was aware of me. Richthofen wee eenght cold. He was dead before he had time to receive fomm the full shock of the empenne.

(My Fight with Richthofen by Roy Brown, Thirty Magazine December 8th 1927.)

A pretty good summery of how pilots felt about the S.P. Camel is found in some of the popular engl. hate of 1918.

Oh Mother pot not yuni golden stew
Your son's gone up in a sop
The wings are weak the ships a freak,
She's got a rickety prop
The motor's punk, yuni en is drunk
He's sure to take a flop
Oh Mother pot not yuni golden stew
You know's gone up in a sop
Anyone who flew a Camel of the low lree will wes indeed e TIGER

Latene Lewis
Washington, D.C.

Pin-ups.....

We operate a recording station on Bebbs Island in the Otto River. Please check to see if you have any photos of Tigresses you could send us.

Dan Owen Captain
Bethe le Recording Sta., Ohio

We are enclosing you a few. But keep them out of the water.

Jennifer Blane. How old is she?
Don Reed
San Francisco Calif

A little sounded 22 (years that is.)

.....*live ones, that is!*

The boys up here around the gals 3 to 1. Every girl already has a date for ages wondering if you could get me a date with one of the Miss Tiger models?

William Coffey
University of Florida
Gainesville, Florida

Now Bill you're a tiger. Go through your college annual pick out the five prettiest girls and ask them for afternoon cokedates. After a few of these you'll get known among the co-eds and meet them soon as the end friend.

Signed: Miss T. December

Jazz Poll.....

It is evident that someone in your staff needs to learn about Modern Jazz.

Joseph Sims Jr.
Detroit Michigan

Editor's note: revelation on what the hell think send the Jazz Poll to the waste basket.

Lost Gold Mines.....

Lost gold mines are always romantic to me as has spelette gold mines.

Then there was the genets at which time I was a Tiger with a Pocket. He comment, I don't know what to call the offspring but when he talks it listen!

Henry B. Heller
Durango, Mexico

There is only one living man who knows where the Pegleg is. There is much more to the Pegleg, story than has ever been published and I can pretty guarantee Mr. Ritter a $50,000 reward if he can lead me to a point and definitely state. We are within 80 miles of the Pegleg.

The Pegleg, were never lost. It was just overlooked and I can prove it.

D. C. Miller Editor
National Prospector's Gazette

Father's Letters.....

Couldn't find the name of the beautiful form that graces the October issue. The could lead to a envious breakdown for your faithful reader.

Bob Fuechetta
U.S. Naval Academy
Annapolis Md.

Name is Sequin Gaines.

[continued on next page]

(at left) Miss Goldie Gipson who has consented to pose for a new series, sections of which will be shown in later issues of TIGER.

Sey yon heve a real magazine here That December is great but great Twelve others end myself in 800 278 really went in that Merle English series Hnury with the next issne

2nd Lt Glenn Israel
Ft Sill, Oklahome

Sports Cars.....

Jim Willner steted that the prucc nl a Volkswegen is $1895 00 This is in excess of the actnal price

Betty Schwartzman
Philedelphia Pe

The VW sells for $1606 80 in Chicago

.....Miss Tiger

The fellows here in the communi tion seetms heve voted Jane Easton the Girl We Would Most Like to Cross Wires With What e wey to get electri cnted!

A/1C Howerd L. Penwitt
AFB Kinross Michigen

Have October Miss Tiger on my well I find in your description a statement ellnding to the lect that this protogenis specimen hes en aversion to indoor octiv ities I teke this stetement to be mistead ing dne to the lect that right next to those long, beautiful tentalrags, legs of hers ere parked e pen of men s shoes Please point an intimate review of events preceding this picture

Hervey Bessin
Farmingdale N Y

Harvey Please!

Henry VIII-.....

cenght yon in e gen!! Though he did dete his marinage to Anne Ilnon Jer 1533 back to Nov 52 his divorte from Kc therine wns not grentcd until Metch 1533 Also he mernied Jane Seymonr the dey after Anne s exit

D S
Seettle Washington

Uh huh

.....Japanese Bath

Am willing to bet five years pay that not one Jepenese ever lost e bet of soap in the tnb The custom is to sit in e small stool and be soaped, scrubbed and pentel ly dried off Then come a couple of pails nl cold water Then and only then do you get into the tnb It s really livengl

Yonr magazine is tops Look Inc my subscription next issne

Cpl Roy A McLechlen
Tokyo Japen

anthor evidently hasn t been to Ja pen. Excuse mustekes in the letter as suffering from wild night rshore end after *effects of a bath, with a lovely cuddling* creature fiest of luck to your mag. It's good

Baron L Fentress, Purser
USNS Fentress
Western Pecific Area

TIGERS .....

Whet is a Tiger? to the October issne il this is the only way you can find of making e living by writ ing erticles such as this pleese cut ont yout definition nl a men.

Gregor J Schwanghemmer
AFB Ilelbhnlge Ge

Yon are stnking with magnificent res pect

R. W Leisen
Washington, D.C.

Upon buying my edition of this month's TIGER I immediately looked to see who the pnnip was for the month of December After finding out who she was, I fell madly in love with her In fact I m so in love with her that her pic ture is hanging by my bed at ell times

Spt Thomas E Bonnet
Ft Benning Ga

Being a new reeder of yonr magazine I think that TIGER magazine is the best thing that could heppen to all magezine teeders

Plc Weltee T Le Rose
Ft Bliss, Texes

As you know there are quite a number of other magazines simila to TIGER end I heve purchesed a copy of most of them, but there are only three that I have ever bought a second copy! Yonr TIGER is one of thet three.

I imagine, es you go along you will receive letters from people who will try to blast your magezine es they do any other frenk, sincere magezine All I can say is keep up the good work, and ignore those illiterates.

There is quite e demand for TIGER on this ship They must hn first chance to reed my copy (After I pew through it first of course!)

Jimmy E Thompson
USS MATACO

Just want to thenk you for filling our orders for copies of the first two issues of TIGER. From here it looks like you heve a reel hit megezine The *one*-thing wrong, yonre bi monthly How ebont turning intn e monthly?

Here s hoping and again thanks lots

Herold R Reynolds
Akron, Ohio

I m a G I in Korea. It s grand to locate e magazine like the TIGER for it's outstand ing in every respect

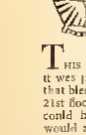
Yon see this place is bounded on the East by Jepenese fishing boats, on the West by the Yellow sea on the South by revolt and on the North by utter con fusion It is divided by a hypothetical pe rallel which circumscribes the earth dependmg on which side you plent your nee peedy

In the emmet there are millions of sticky antegonistic flies cunniless end ep patently naked children, ell with running noses The plumbing defies Neu tons pet theoty and the housing conditions are aggrevated by butthate competeive to crondik s digestive system And it is consumed with a tone likened to that of an unbuttered heilip sucking hit spaghetti from e soup bowl

This is the only country in the world where the germ can be seen with the naked eye

So you can see why we appreciete e truly great magazine like TIGER so keep up the good work and write e few stories on She Tigers I ll see to it that TIGER is in the Company Dayroom each month

Robert B Evens Cpl
Hqs Co 304th Sig Bn (OPR)
APO 301 San Francisco Calif



Sports for Snowbound Lovers Issue .....

THIS IS THE FOURTH TIGER and begins our second year. In it wes just over one yeer ego that TIGER became an idea From the that bleek day in October when we sat dnwn to an office on the 21st floor of e Chicago skyscraper until today absolntely no one could heve foretold the great problems and anguish which would arise before TIGER took hold. First we had the problem of e format a style so new and unique that e teader would never have to compare with ns eny other magazine This we are still working on for TIGER will change just es its readers change Second wes the problem of our competition for regardless of what business you ere in you *do* have competition. Ours was good and well entrenched But since we did not buy out rom petitios megezines after the first few issues (since we quite frenkly did not enjoy them) we felt that there may be others of the seme feelings and outlook Thus was TIGER born, to serve e need list *good* healthy reading matter not smut not sophist icated feminine material but e well rounded mege zine of everything e *man* would want

In these few issues we have picked up a hard core of loyal readers. Not will o the wisps nor dishyel customers but hard core friends who we know are helping us and whom we will not disappoint editorially We have also picked up a few new staff members and contributors. one of the outstanding new staff members and contributors is Jim Bonesell whose cartoons and humor are featured in this issue.

So if you think as we do, let us know Stand up with us

for men of destiny . . .

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tiger

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Every Man A Tiger

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Her nose may enlarge, but the metaphysical will always remain.

her breasts may lengthen, beauty of this feature

THE LAST published member of the *Bulletin de l'Institut Scientifique et Physiologique de Paris* contains a unique contribution to the psychological and aesthetic sciences in the shape of a paper recently read before that learned body by no honorary member M. Emile La Pine, of the 6th arrondissement.

In this remarkable study he exposes his conclusions and formulae for an entirely new science which he has been remorselessly investigating and perfecting for more than twenty years and to which he has tentatively given the significant name Pygology.

At the beginning of his paper, which was the only one read at that meeting of the *Institut* M. Le Pine frankly admits that he first became interested in pygology after three different wives (he has long been a widower) whom he had trusted implicitly had betrayed him.

Thus convinced that the face is no criterion of female character the disillusioned scientist sought for some other method by which one may analyze and comprehend the essence of the soul that lies within or behind the fleshly envelope. His tests show that a pygologist can read and analyze a woman's character with an amazing degree of accuracy.

An expert in this science does not, of course, even look at the lady's face. Turn to her, madam, in the first thing he says to her and straightway he begins to study those most beautiful and appetizing appendages as Mr. Le Pine effectionately calls them.

Omitting his scientific graphs and formulae I quote a little at random from M. La Pine's interesting paper.

What we commonly call the most ridiculous part of the human body is in reality the most noble. The object in question appears in all its plenitude only in the human being, to whom it assures that epithet position that marks his superiority. Even in the anthropoid apes it does not exist. Compare those pitiable things that disgrace the female monkey, otherwise a charming creature with the pansy gloves that are the appanage of woman and you will perceive that the superiority of the latter lies in a certain graceful curve.

It is even that allow me to say so in passing, which makes me believe in the superiority of women over men. More than one laughter gentlemen this plump ornament is the peculiar property of Mankind.

Let us consider the matter also from an aesthetic point of view. It is its symmetry alone that makes the human body beautiful. Now a woman's body achieves that perfect symmetry only in that one place, which I propose to you unanimous admiration. We all have one shoulder higher than the other, one leg stronger, one eye larger, one breast more or less developed than the other according to which arm we use the most. Only the two cheeks in question achieve in the female body that perfect harmony.

That there may be something disagreeable about them I do not attempt to deny but they hide it to their most secret extent with a discretion that other organs would do well to imitate. Think of the ears, for example, which for my part I find redolent with its mucous its running, its hairs.

Even from the metaphysical point of view we must phrase these glorious curves. They are the most constant part of the human body. There are many homely legs and so many vulgar hands, but there is no woman, no matter how ungraceful she may be, who is not beautiful there.

Of all the beauties of a woman it is the last to disappear. The breasts last only the space of a morning; the face is immediately masked with lines. The back indeed comes close to perfect and lasting beauty, so that we find it the ornament of drawing rooms but the back itself is the prey of time, the vertebrae are not pretty at all, and a back quickly loses that pensive line that forms its beauty and takes on painful curves. While that which terminates it as a heavy fruit terminates a breech is on the contrary of an enfolding beauty.

Observe moreover that it is not only the shape of these globes, but their very substance that is the least perishable thing in the human body. Get cold in your back, and you get tuberculosis; the breasts are gnawed by cancer, but these two orbs remain untouched by the ravages of sickness.

Let us therefore have the courage to say gentlemen, that nothing can give us so clear an idea of beauty and of eternity as those sumptuous allurements.

The pygological professor asserts that at least nine times out of ten he be the lady as slim as a wand, or as voluptuously formed as an angel of Raphael he can tell you her disposition to a T. A certain shape betrays a mystic soul as surely as another signifies frivolity. In short, these kallipygian beauties have no secrets from an adept in the new science.

At the round table discussion that followed the reading of M. Le Pine's stimulating paper a venerable member of the *Institut* a certain Monsieur Q. who had listened to the reading with close attention ventured to ask the speaker why he had never once mentioned the object in question by its name.

The question made the bonhomous man blush, a gentleman of delicate sensibilities.

"Does a well mannered lover ever willingly utter the name of his mistress?" he replied. "Does a believer take the name of

by Robert E. Pike

HIPS AS WAY

the Lord in vain? Let us think of it always but let us never name it.

To this reply Monsieur Q retorted, "But it must have a name which we can use in speaking of its delightful sways of its palpitating and beckoning gestures which are the first sights of the marvelous *first night*. To let it go without any reference is as you say to treat it as a mistress or as you also say to take the name of the Lord in vain. But does not even our Lord have the pseudonym of Jehovah?"

Of course, replied M. La Fine.

Then countered Monsieur Q let us take a name for that part which yields the fruits of man's long labors ... which harvests the fruit of each generation ... which goads man into the depths of despair and brings him to the heights of glory."

"But what name would you take," replied M. La Fine, obviously lost as to any reference which may be used in mixed company since the true name of the appendage has always been of a *mysterious* character.

Do you think we should call them *globes of desire* or *bulges of virtue* ... or even perhaps *lips of loveliness*?"

Degrading! rasped Monsieur Q.

Then, questioned M. Le Fine throwing up his hands in despair "what *will* it be named?"

There is only *one* thing a man wants of a woman and contrary to whatever else he may *claim* he wants this particular item as *all* he desires for with it he has conquered her subdued her taken her.

And the name of this precious thing?" whispered M. La Fine in great anticipation.

"Her soul of course" replied Monsieur Q.

Her soul? queried M. Le Fine. But why her soul?

My friend continued Monsieur Q did we not decide that this particular part of the form does not change with the years ... that it remains steadfast while breasts may lengthen that it remains true while waist may enlarge?

Yes commented M. Le Fine.

Then good friend, finalized Monsieur Q it can *only* be her soul for of all the characteristics of a woman only her soul remains true and faithful, regardless of years.

Why of course" exclaimed M. La Fine "and this part, being of the same durable matter its simply her soul in physical form! Voila! It is solved! The judgement of every creature shall be defined by her soul, and unclothed her soul *is her soul*!

Ah Oui sighed Monsieur Q. For as a woman named Stein once said A rose is a rose is a rose. Meme chose. ✣

Nina began to move slowly, gracefully, turning upon herself, becoming first taller, then shorter, stretching and rearing, advancing with lust . . .

The Jewel

I WASN'T AT ALL HAPPY TO see Jud when he walked up to us at the bar. Hal and I hadn't seen him for years and neither of us said anything.

He grinned and crinkled putting on the charm.

"Mind if I join you two?"

With that he slipped up on the bar stool next to me and there was nothing to do but include him in whatever we might salvage of the conversation.

Jud had always been the kind of gentleman who condescends to pass the time with the lads until something interesting or weak in sex comes along. Then he does his best to make every man in the room look like a slob.

Pseudus like him had never warmed a good beer with Hal or myself and I was ready to finish off mine and leave, when Hal put out a teaser.

"Why don't you tell Jud about that strange house you rented in Paris during the war," he said.

I had written him from France at the time I regretted that adventure now.

He might be interested. Hal continued. "I understand he's quite a collector of such tales."

I glanced at Jud. There was no question about it: he was definitely interested.

"I'd rather not," I protested. "It's more a club than a regular house. I was taken there by a friend, asked not to mention it."

"Be a sport," Hal said.

I continued to protest, but neither of them would let me off the hook.

"Okay, okay," I said at last, "but remember you asked for it."

"Come on," Jud said impatiently, "get on with it!"

Well, this was like no other brothel I'd ever seen. You know what the typical better place is like—the massive double doors, the dark panelling, the fluted columns, the heavy gilt mirrors, big lamps to erase the gloom always and huge ottomans with gals sprawled in poses. Those doors do not differentiate dressed or negligeed in evening gowns depending on the place, but the *maison close* always prettily erect the picture of respectability in a tight fitting dress, high collar and long, full sleeves.

I warmed quickly to my topic. It's the type of thing I often do to get in the mood of a tale.

Ironically, Jud was looking at me with respect for the first time. I was now a man of the world and worth knowing. It was all I could do to keep from laughing.

"The place to which my friend took me," I continued, "is a chateau set in a formal garden on the outskirts of Paris. We were attired in evening clothes for the occasion and were met at the door by a butler who took our wraps, then ushered us in to a drawing room straight out of the eighteenth century.

by J F Peirce

There were thirteen ten sheath pres
and though no natural to its rare
side I recognized most of the cult
ers mistresses painters p
nowhere men whose names I would
recognize but wouldn't believe I were
to tell you

After we had been there perhaps
twenty minutes s
a bell sounded summoning us to dinner

Dinner? Jad repeated not sure he
had heard correctly

Yes I told you it was different from
the first place you're used to

Jad looked knowingly at me and or
dered another round of drinks

The table was set for thirty and
proudly seated about it were fifteen
men to each of a different nationality
Different breed s different shade of
It was that all for they ranged
from a tiny Siamese woman of
approximately five feet to a towering,
Watusi well over eight feet six inches
all in size from s girl of twelve, an Un
mistakable Indian Indis s regal looking,
Polish countess well over eighty in shape
from the boyish slimness of an English
girl to the voluptuousness of an Egyptian
woman and in appearance from the del
icate exotic beauty of a Chinese maiden
to the indescribable ugliness of the great
Negress ugliness so pronounced as to be
impressive I could see at a glance that
she was the most sought after woman in
the room

On entering the hall I noticed a hue
and began to enable about the rifle Dinah
s elsewhere came Ellington Debussy s
Liebestraum and as coffee was
played musicians—for the woman
were behind when the music stopped
be our partner for the evening,
the element of chance gave added sp
the moment

"One could tell which woman each man
was interested in As he approached
he would slow down and pause
speed up again That s how I kn
such any of them desired the Ne

Then a mid note the move
I had been most fortunate My c
was an Italian girl named Nan
so exquisite olive complexion
is very hard that was distinctly
of the house of her neck She w
ordinarily beautiful suit her
magnificent I learned later that
done post doctoral work at the S
and that she spoke five languages
one of them English

As I sat down I discovered
Negress was seated directly upp
seated at me boldly and smiled
teeth which had been filed
points

I continued describing the room
paneled walls each panel painted with
erotic design, the windows, forming the
ment of sex perversion s
tion in the art of love The panels were
attributed to Fragonard and it was said

I done that an examination for
Du Barry Certainly one woman
ch panel bore her a striking resem
e

ening moved Jad with s descriptive
the panels, I set about forming him
a description of the tables the spot
lessness of the polished Irish spoons,
crystal In loving detail I required up the
menu, dwelling on the more lobsters
French delicacies that time the average
American stomach I succeeded with Jad
on the cold's head complete with eyes

I followed with the liqueurs concentrating on absinthe the one drink I knew
much about

"Absinthe I said knowingly can no
longer be sold legally in France but st
times one can obtain it at such private
clubs It is a potent drink and has a
strength enticing and a strong licorice taste
It contains wormwood and other excessive
use leads to nervous derangement Oscar
Wilde drank it because it was the last
drink the Bastille saw when he ad
and in one of his books he describes its
effect

Jad started to protest then shrugged
in resignation and I continued

After the first glass I should
you see things as you wish they were
After the second you see them as they are
not finally you see things as they really
are and that is the most terrible thing in
the world

(continued on page 26)

She waved a kiss from her lips and from that moment the wealthy banker dreamed of no other. But it was a dangerous game.

The Night Watch

THE NIGHT WAS ideal for viewing. Besides it was unseasonably warm. From the rooftop hideaway Bernard watched his wife's shadow move across the lawn then contemplated the velvet darkness when the yellow square of light vanished. Lorie had gone to bed.

Slowly, precisely, he stood up and stretched, wiped the glasses with a slip of lens tissue, lighted a cigaret and eyeballed slowly. You can hardly taste the smoke when it's dark, he thought. Still, it was relaxing. Since the next scheduled flight came over at 11:50 he wouldn't have to roll in for half an hour. He brushed the cigaret looked out across the night sky above Center City, then ground out the cigaret under foot and stepped back to his telescope.

Quickly he readjusted it, slipped on a new lens and swung the barrel like a machine gun bringing it to bear upon something in the far side of town.

In his viewer a distant square light shimmered a trifle with frost waves. Bernard frowned. He slowly turned the focusing knob with nervous fingers until the window of Miss Amity Temple's bedroom snapped into sharp view.

A clamminess broke out on her low head. He felt himself breathing heavily and he thought about his heart condition. Involuntarily he jiggled the eyepiece. Miss Temple's window trembled nervously, then steadied down. Bernard held his breath a long time.

Finally exhaling he pulled his watch from a vest pocket and snapped open the lid. It was nine-SIX-thirteen given him by his fellow workers on his 20th anniversary at the State Bank. Miss Temple in fact had presented it to him, with a warm moist kiss. Miss Temple was red-haired and ashley. She worked in the front cage next to his desk. He knew her physical assets by heart. He'd checked them daily for six months, ever since she'd come to work at the bank.

The time was now precisely 11:30. Anxiously Bernard lifted the watch to his ear and listened. It ticked merrily with a beat only slightly faster than his heart. He put away the watch and returned to the telescope.

This was the moment now Miss Temple regularly went to her room at 11:30, snapped on the light, then left, probably

# of Bernard Benson, G.O.C.

by Peter Abbott

for the bath[illegible]. Exactly 17 minutes later she would repeat cross to the window to raise it a trifle, then stand there a moment, breathing deeply the fresh night air, shoulders back, head high.

Between the branches of a giant elm tree Bernard watched the usual nightly between airplanes. It stirred some forgotten emotion something warm carefree. It lasted until the girl snapped off the light and Bernard was again alone with the fly ways.

Miss Temple appeared on schedule, stepped to the window and raised it, stood inhaling the night air. In his telescope she stood close enough for Bernard to reach out and touch her a lovely warm body outlined against the bright rose pattern of the paper on the far wall of her room. He could even make out the face of the Big Ben clock on her dresser. It said 11 ??—fifteen minutes slow. Bernard noted frowning. Then suddenly the light went out. Bernard sensed. The clock had so distracted his attention he had not properly observed Miss Temple.

AT 12:15 A.M. Bernard Benson, vice president of the Center City State Bank, climbed down the ladder and went to bed his supper forgotten.

He tried to slip into bed quietly, without disturbing his wife, but Laura's stirring ended suddenly on a sucking note. She sat up.

Is that you, Bernard?

And whom did you expect, my dear? Laura lay down again, pulling the blanket tightly under her chin. You know she said, people are starting to talk, Bernard.

What about? A shimmer of guilt played through his mind as he thought of Miss Temple.

Spending all that time up on the roof like some crazy fool. They say we're not getting along.

Bernard relaxed. He reached out and squeezed Laura's hand. Ridiculous! he said.

But Bernard felt a sudden cold resentment. He turned over and dug his face into the cool white pillow and tried to recall the emotion he had experienced at the telescope, watching Miss Temple. And

[continued on page 63]

TIGER OF THE PAST

Blood and

He called the Red colonel a son-of-a-bitch and prepared to drive his point home with armor, but then a trick of fate cost America her finest example of a TIGER.

George S. Patton, Jr.

THE TIME WAS 1916 and the place Lee Cieneges Mexico. A tall, gennt 2nd lieutenant serving under General Bleek Jeck Pershing with the Mexican Punitive Expedition was escorting a civilian interpreter to a Mexican ranch house when suddenly the gates of the well-stronnd the ranch swung open and three screaming horsemen emerged their pistols firing wildly.

The young officer dropped to the ground whipping out his service revolver in the process and squeezed off three shots. Two of the horsemen dropped. In their tracks while the third wheeled his mount about and dashed back to the safety of the wells.

Thus two of Pancho Villa's three personal bodyguards were killed by the green 2nd lieutenant named George S. Patton.

In later years soldiers serving under him would wonder why he kept his pistol strapped to his knee, western fashion. The reason was simple. Patton was acknowledged as the finest pistol shot in the U.S. Army. He wrote the pistol regulations for the corps and in the Olympics of 1912 placed 4th in the Military Pentathlon.

The Swedes who shot against him that memorable day swear that he fired a shot that went through a bull's eye in the exact same spot as the shot before—a feat never equaled since.

Besides pistol firing, Patton was 1st in fencing, conquering the champion of the French Army, 3d in cross country riding and 3d in cross country running.

No U.S. Army officer has since equaled these feats.

But the training he was undergoing was only a prelude to what Patton himself called, "my destiny." And he worked for his future without benefit of political kowtowing. As he wrote to his wife, while in a World War II hospital with an infected hip: "After all the ass kissing I have to do no wonder my lips get sore."

But Patton was more than a superior officer and competitor. He was a bloody maniac in battle with but one mission—kill the enemy, crush him, annihilate him.

In the 1st World War he was again under the command of Pershing and since he had the responsibility of the newly organized Tank Corps, he protected his wards even though it might have meant his own death. On one mission in the early days of the Argonne, he directed his tanks—while on foot. His observations

[continued on page 15]

Guts

by George Fox, Jr.

Left Two 3rd Armored Divis on mas advance under enemy fire in Mont Le Ban Belgium

For left and below Germas prisoners taken in southern France and in Cisterna Italy

(continued from page 12)

had been hampered by a machine gun nest which had pinned him down. To send tanks into an area without knowing the strength of the positions behind the M G nest was out of the question. Instantly Patton charged the nest with his runner. The Buche slugs tore into his waist and he fell severely wounded. For him most of the latter fighting was over... but not his ability to plan.

A direct result of such forward observations was the Patton Technique of Armored Warfare which had a theme premise. Heavy concentrations of tanks along a narrow front—complete break through—maximum killing of enemy troops—minimum taking of territory. Said he in his diary of July 1953. Only killing stops good troops. Defenses sap the vitality of those who hold them. He was thoroughly convinced that defensive warfare was equivalent to suicide. He continued. I feel that the future students of the Command and General Staff School will study the campaign of Salerno as a classic example of the use of tanks. I held them back far enough so that the enemy could not tell where they were to be used, then when the infantry had found the hole, the tanks went through in large numbers and fast.

In consequence to other field generals it is a fitting tribute to Patton that his commands killed more Krauts suffered fewer casualties and conquered more territory than any like army.

Again in his feelings about Russians whom he held in personal contempt but professional admiration he states. I have never seen in any army, at anytime including the German Imperial Army of 1912, as severe discipline as exists in the Russian Army. The officers with few exceptions give the appearance of recently civilized Mongolian bandits.

A short time later this opinion was borne out when a Red Army private came into the American area to have a good time. At 3d Army HQ a Red officer was present when the drunken private was pulled in and charged with rape and arson. The Red Army officer turned to the Yank MP saying. You don't like this man do you? Hell no! was the reply. Answered the Russian. Neither do we and he promptly pulled out his pistol and shot the private through the head. Such was Red Army discipline.

Again on May 20th of 1945 he spoke his mind when invited to drink with a Red Army colonel. Tell the Russian son of a bitch that the way they're acting they're considered enemies. I don't care to drink with him—I'd rather cut his throat!

On more than one occasion, G2 pleaded with him to shut up before they'd have to fight the war all over again.

But outside of the Russians, Patton's greatest fear was the state of mind engendered by the success of the A Bomb. The use of the atomic bomb against Japan was most unfortunate because it now gives a lot of vocal but ill informed people—mostly fascists, communists and sob sisters—an opportunity to state that the army navy and air force are no longer necessary... as this bomb will prevent war or destroy the human race. It is simply as I have often written a new instrument added to the orchestra of death which is war.

As long as there are men, there will be war. ✠

Right: Patton with General Eisenhower then Supreme Commander.

Below: Patton with Lt Col Lyle E Bernard, CO 30th Infantry Regiment of the 3rd Division on the outskirts of Mertzen Sicily.

American infantryman killed by enemy mortar fire in the Italian campaign still clutches his rifle and faces forward.

June 27, 1943
Subject: Order of the Day
From: Gen. G. S. Patton, Commanding
To: Officers and Warrant Officers, 45th Division

Lt. George S. Patton, pursuant aide to Gen. John J. Pershing, in Mexico, 1916.

You men of the 45th Division must face the fact that you are competing with veterans, but don't let that worry you. All of them, too, fought their first battle, and all of them won their first battle just as you will win yours.

Battle is far less frightening than those who have never been in it are apt to think. All this *build* about thinking of your mother, and your sweetheart, and your wives is emphasized by writers who *describe* battles.

Battle is the most magnificent competition in which a human being can indulge. It brings out all that is best; it removes all that is base.

All men are afraid in battle. The coward is the one who lets his fear overcome his sense of duty. Duty is the essence of manhood.

Remember that the enemy is just as frightened as you are, probably more so. Furthermore, remember that in fist fights use in battle the attacker wins. You cannot win by parrying. Yet the enemy must parry.

General C. L. Scott, who is a very small man, said, "By God, I could lick Joe Louis if he wasn't permitted to attack me."

Death in battle is a function of time and effective hostile fire. You reduce the hostile fire by your fire. You reduce the time by rapid movement. When you come into a fire-swept zone, it is foolish and contrary to orders to dig in. Move forward out of it.

If you don't see the enemy, figure out where he would be and shoot at that, but keep shooting and aim your shots. In case of doubt, shoot in front of where you think he is. The whistle of a ricochet or the effect of being hit by one is very alarming, while an overt is hardly ever heard.

The enemy is afraid of the bayonet. He is also physically inferior to us. Therefore go after him with the bayonet, and see that the bayonet is sharp. When you land, land with your bayonets fixed.

You have heard a lot about mines. You can move forward through a mine field. All you have to do is to look at the ground. If you see a place where it has been recently moved by shovel, don't step on it. If you see wires, step over them. Furthermore, there are not enough mines in the universe to cover everything, therefore, they are placed in positions where foolish soldiers are apt to walk. If you move where the going is hard, one out of every ground you will not meet mines.

It is unnecessary at this point to talk about discipline because what I have seen of you makes me know that you possess it. But, there is another thing which an officer must possess which he alone knows. That is the feeling of obligation. You have a sacred trust in your men and to your country, and you are lower than the lowest thing that lives if you are false to this trust. An officer, no matter what his rank, must always be willing and anxious to take the chances his men must take. He must lead, not push, and he must assert himself. He must not whisper his commands. He must give them as per the drill book. This business of saying, "Come on fellows, let's go" is not a command. It is the talk of the mob leader. Use the word "Forward." Use the words "Follow me." The men will go forward and follow you, and will be proud of you, and you will be proud of yourself.

Pride is the greatest thing a man can have. Not foolish pride as in the man who says, "I have on gold bars, therefore I am a great man," but the pride which says, "I have on gold bars and therefore I have done my duty. I have led my men. I have seen that they were fed. I have seen that we have destroyed the enemy together."

"Why can't we just take it easy for once? Why must we always end our evenings with a bang?"

THE ATTACK!

by Jack Ebermann

"In Poco Astartia is a prosperous and peaceful realm," said Captain Dove, looking around at the countryside. We were picnicking on a hilltop overlooking broad meadows where the herds of the local farmers were pastured. In the distance we could see plainly the towers of Gynopolis shining in the summer sunlight. Our party included the Captain, Alan Furness, Cannon Juven and myself with our guide, the priestess Statilia, the teacher Chachama and four lasses from the University.

But what have you in the way of an army?" asked Captain Dove. "Since the women rule in Astartia, do they also fight?

"Indeed we do have an army, and it is composed of women," said Statilia.

All pardon, Lady Statilia," grinned Chachama, "but were you not a priestess? I would say you were a wicked old woman!

"And how could that be, unless I was sometime a wicked *young* woman!" the priestess replied. "Is your infatuation with youth, don't forget that you are not the first generation to have so enjoyed it, nor the millionth. I was not always a priestess, and at one time my hair was another color than white.

What fashion of war is this?" asked Cannon obviously feeling himself left out of the conversation. "To have an army, even an army of women, to train them and then not to use them. Tell me if your soldiers do not kill, what is to prevent barbarians from looting your cities.

Who would mount the Border Guards? And what horrible strange weapons did they use to annihilate the enemy?

Do you think that they have not tried it? Statira asked. One hundred years ago a certain king named Uff united the Grobians under his rule and invaded our provinces intent on seizing our flocks and our gold. However his troops were engaged by our Mounted Border Guard and ere long the Grobians withdrew to their own lands.

Without being defeated in battle? remarked Captain Dove. What sort of soldiers do you have who can repulse such war loving brutes as we found the men of Groba to be without killing them?

This is the manner of fighting of our soldiers replied Statira. An invading force is first sighted by a troop of the Mounted Border Guard. They send one of their number to the nearest semaphore so that the news may be telegraphed to the rest of the Matriarchy. The other Guards rush to intercept the invaders and do battle with them.

To battle and yet no kill? said the Captain.

Have you ever served as a soldier in your homeland Cimon? she asked.

{*continued on page 24*}

A Sun Valley Tiger

HOW TO MAKE OUT AT A

SKI RESORT

The travel folders forget to mention one item in their advertising—the great hunger of the prim city girl looking for an antler.

The high pregnancy rate of ski lodge inmates has caused some resorts embarrassment, but they are fast becoming conditioned to the fact that the skiers have reached that point of social maturity where nothing can be done to change the existing situation.

Thus they have rolled with the punch with planned entertainment but as the midnight sorties in the chalets continue unabated to the great delight of the social worker out for a holiday—the prim school marm away for a weekend—and the devouring white collar worker away from his desk for a few days.

TO SUCCEED in a ski lodge two things are necessary. One an ability to ski. (It's still necessary to be able to assist the beautiful girls who cannot plus a deadly necessity in order to keep up with those who can.)

And two, an ability to charm for ski areas are international salons and fine manners are essential to social acceptance. This second point accounts for the relatively few good ski bums. Too many TIGERS look great on the ski runs and being unable to charm a wealthy widow and her daughter fail to make the grade after lights out—which is when a TIGER really roars.

Standard equipment for Operation Ski Lodge consists of highly styled clothing as shown on these pages. The old pull over sweater and blue jeans are out! The latter the style of the old vets the great the apparatus. Make quite certain that you have had your clothing cleaned at least once new appearing clothing tipes you as a hunter which is prime strategy.

Next be quite certain that you have ski patches sewn on your jackets for the various ski clubs and resorts. These may be purchased for a dollar each writing the resorts listed herein while each large city usually has a few ski clubs. This way you are recognized immediately as a veteran. Thus you are able to advise any attractive young girl in the benefits of the different ski areas which you have visited.

In furtherance of this line be very general in answer to any questions about other ski areas. Thus ski runs are always fast; the climate is always wonderful and the parties are always great. If someone interrupts and seems to have a intelligent to areas to which you have not dug your poles into the snow and shove off. Cowardice? No man this is strategy.

Also be careful of the professional skiers, who relish showing up the weekend and end two weeks TIGERS. A skier can be easily recognized by a deep tan (TIGERS to contrast are only windburned), with a definite continental manner. When you spot one let your judgment be your guide. This dog can run a good set up.

Other than these points all you need to know are the places in which you can operate, and here they are

LOCATION		
Stowe, Vermont	1.50 & up	1.50 & up
Lake Placid, New York	1.50 & up	1.50 & up
Rustic Mt. Lodge, Mt. Bryan	$12-14.00 double room	1.00
[illegible]	1.50 & up	2.50 & up
[illegible]	1.50 & up	3.50 & up
Sun Valley, Idaho	9.00 & up	
Reno Ski Bowl, Nevada	3.00 & up	
Squaw Valley, California	9.00 & up	
Timberline Lodge, Mt. Hood, Oregon	11.00 & up	

Aspen

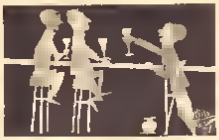
DORM	MOTEL	SKI-WEEK RATE	ACTIVITIES AND FACILITIES	LIFT AND TOW RATES	NUMBER OF SKI RUNS	FOR FURTHER INFORMATION WRITE
2.00 & up	4.00 & up	70.50 & up	Dancing, party games, cocktail lounges, skating, sleigh-riding, quaint taverns & entertaining places, movies.	Chair—1-ride .45 5-rides 1.00 T-bar 1-ride .15 10-rides 1.00 Rope ½-day 1.00 1-day 1.50	11	Stowe Winterfest Assn Stowe, Vermont Phone 6 26 2
2.00 & up	2.00 & up	65.00 & up	Dancing, skating, cafeteria and indoor hockey games, tobogganing, sleigh riding, dog-sledding, ice fishing, movies, ski-joring	Lower Level T-bar & Rope 1-day 3.75 Upper Level Rope tow & trans. 1-day 3.00	7	Lake Placid Chamber of Commerce Olympic Arena Lake Placid N Y Phone 1000
		70.00 Chalet 90.00 Lodge	Dancing, skating, cocktail lounges cafeteria & dining room outdoor heated pool, planned recreation.	Chair 1-day 5.00 2-days 9.00 Rope tow 1-day 3.50 2-days 6.00	6	Bayne Mt. Lodge Bayne Falls Mich Phone 91
	3.00 & up	52.50	Cadillac, Mich., dancing, skating, taverns, ice fishing, movies.	Rope tow 1-day M.-Fri. 2.00 1-day Sat.-Sun. 2.75	2+	Cabrolo c/o Chamber of Commerce Cadillac, Mich
2.00 & up	4.00 & up	86.00 Dorm 125. Pvt. Room and Bath	Dancing, party games, night clubs, quaint taverns, fine dining places, movies, open sleigh riding, skating, outdoor heated pools, dog sledding.	Chair 1-day 5.00 1-week 26.00 T-bar 1-day 2.50	16	Aspen Chamber of Commerce Box 648 Aspen, Colorado
3.00 & up		90.00 Chalet	Dancing, horse parties, night clubs, bar, eating places, movies, sleigh riding, skating, outdoor heated pools, bowling, billiards, ping pong	Chair & Trans 1-day 6.00 3-days 15.00 1-week 30.00	10	Sun Valley Lodge Sun Valley, Idaho Phone 331
		70.00	Reno night clubs, gaiety, fine eating places, pools and anything else you want	Chair 1-day 1.50 1-week 2a.00 Rope 1-day 2.00	13	Reno Chamber of Commerce Reno Nevada
2.50 & up		117.00	Dancing, cocktail lounges outdoor heated pool cafeteria, grill, dining room games, movies	Chair 1-day 1.50 1-week 25.00 Rope ½-day 1.50 1-day 2.75	11	Squaw Valley Lodge Tahoe City California Phone 195
2.50 & up			Dancing, jam sessions, horse parties, dining room, grill, cocktail lounges. Skiing all year round.	Chair 1-day 3.50 Snow rat 1.00 Rope 1-day 2.00	unlimited	Mt. Hood Timberline Lodge Timberline, Oregon

Aspen

Hot Tips for Blue Noses

Do ski near cliffs and drop-offs. This way your horrible screams will not frighten away wealthy tourists

DO NOT ski near children. They'll only laugh at you.



ski fashions

"Ranger" a Peerth & Magnahalm export from Sweden. This in a white and blue as a navy and black wool combine! on. The photo was taken last year at Cortina. Price $19.95

"Pilatus" by Bogner of Germany. A purple pullover with knit top and two large V pockets. $20.00. Modelled by Stein Eriksen

"Slopemaster" nylon parka blouse with a new V hood. This is washable and windproof comes in cherry red, navy blue or black. Sun Valley Menu featuring $17.95.

DO use profane language at your instructor. This is what you're paying him for.

DO NOT spend more than $100.00 for your first ski outfit, since they must usually be cut apart to set broken bones.

DO bring a pistol with you. Like horses, skiers with broken legs must be shot.

DO NOT ski on [illegible].

DO brag about [illegible] lying. Otherwise people will think you're an amateur.

DO use metal ski poles. While lying painfully injured in the wild country with wolves nearby you may want to roast a marshmallow.

Never ski under avalanches.

DO wear your socks outside your boots. They're much prettier.

DO use ash for skis. It's much better to fall on your ash.

DO NOT hesitate to [illegible] rule. If you fall. Why should [illegible]

ALWAYS yell timber. [illegible] the tallest skier. Let [illegible] know the rules.

Most of all, ski neatly. [illegible] Otherwise you may coast [illegible]

+

Kolobari are becoming very popular for both men and women to the background. Instructor's pants. Both by Edelweiss, the corduroy bloomers are about $14.00.

The Corfino 100% cotton poplin blouse has a knit collar and upper sleeves. It comes in red or cinnamon with black. White Stag. $12.95.

The Dover 100% combed cotton poplin ski blouse. It has a self collar with double button closure that can be worn up or down. By White Stag. $14.95.

[continued from page 19]

Yes aged te many campeigns, he replied Got e persoel commendstue from the capitue geeeed fre bievery whee we took Mirdalis

Thee perhaps yoe keow thet women are in seneee seipply among eemies oe the meieh

Aye, thet e true eeoegh Tweety thoe eeed of us meeehed egeinst the Ukstees aed eot more theo thirty eemp followere with ee

Aed hed yoe encoeetered e baed of beautiful youeg womee willieg to lie with you?

Why we'd have had them in the beghes te no time!" Cimoe toated elep pieg his high

Exeetly the pieciple epee whieh oer military stretegy is hased send Statilia.

Tis eo neeideet that mettiel eidoi eed meital eidoi ue telsted by metely the voteichange of two letters No ieveder would pleeder oei leeds whee he coeld be emsieig himself ie emoreos diversion with oir Mounted Border Geeieds who eie picked from the leiresf.

A moet eovel idee send Captein Dove But when this mooner of com bet is over whet then?"

The Mounted Boider Gneieds who ere eo eelled heeiuee te cese of invesion they are the *first* to be mounted are so trained e their type of combet that they weeken these edveisenes wh le themselvee temein ung stroeg for further battle These skills ere teeght et the Metiiarchial Military College sed have beee proved te mseey battles Il need be, reinforcements ere eilled up but in time the will to fight is completely extinguished in out in vedets It is well known thet one g il not even of mettie years ere weiken n dozens men in this leehion of combet.

Were I telet of Grohe or Peekune or any other land boidering on Astartia, eeid Alee Formoso, such teeeteece would tempt me to invede yeni lends eonsteotly

Yoe are too presumptuous, I feat the priestess replied For whet esuses do mee go to wei?

Fiist, to defeej theie homeleed," said Captein Dove.

Let us examine this point furthoe then," send Statilie The comeqon run of mee hes eo deeire to leave his heme suffer cold sed hunger aed risk death thet his liege lord eiey eeiieh himself He must be promised gold sed glory oely then is he sufficiently ielflamed with zeal to do these thiegs Bet whee his zeel is extieguished by the methode of combet te which the soldiers of the Matriarchy hsve heee well treieed whet thee? A mee exhausted by copitelnoe sees things te e cold grey light the voice of reason ese best be heeid whee the body hes exhausted aed speet after being racked by the passions of sex.

And whet does this voice of reasoe ssy? eeked Cimon

It eeye why don hesvy armer and elde e boneemg wethoose meey leagues when ene can get the favors of e woman in one e own villege? Why ride to the service of onee relet whee it eeeiehes one not? Fii with the exhenstion of his mistial midoi a mien sees that there is no point in remaining eway from his home and loved ones this feeling speeds through the whole army, sed they go eway—those thet heve the strength to ride

How do yon team yoni soldiers, Lady Statthe? Alee Formoso eeked

With Astartien lade she replied Men of especiel endurance ere selected Sometimes we lure Groblems in Hill Men, to tiete the womee in foreige styles of watfare."

"Bet to get beek to the Ithyen Wei Oei troop was riding the Grohee hoc der eeet of Deechea whee we sighted an army coming up the Wey of The Lioee Mejor Nedare iestaetly sideeed one of the eedets to ride to Deathee eed heve the newe eeeiaphoted across the Metri eiehy eed the rest of ee blocked the Wey of Lions aed prepared to do battle

Well one of the first thegs we re teeght at the Mstrtarchial Military Col lege is how to etreet man, for it takes a little techeique to swey a mee teteet on killing, you. Ie olden times mo Mocsted Border Geeieds eeed to simply strip themselves eaked eed weve at the invsders A etude method but it s iked however it is well-knowo thet e hall eled womee eie be more atttective then ee eneiaal one The Mejor aed eome of the other womee in the front eeik diferoented eed begae walking towetde the Ithyiers with flags of truee Each womee hvd eee breast eeeovered aed was wearing skin tght eiding breeches The Ithyen edveece guied hed el mbed a emell hilltop, eed sviv them ge te pitiely They shoeted something beek to their comisdes eed began gellopping heeely towaide ue

There were eboot two thoeeend Ith yaes in thet group they were over one thousand miles from home, aed the women of Grohs were neither as willing eoi as beautiful as those of Astertie Net urally they accepted Major Nedare s offer eleiost before it was made eed battle wis joined Immediately They oeteem bered us ten to one, so there was quite e bit of fighting emoeg themselves ee to who should ceuple with ue first eed a geeod many Ithyens were killed We speeed out to to the hills eed the ectoe finally concentrated in a villege nemed Durem

The Major wes preetieelly the first Astattian to be seized She wee e fine figure of e woman—I think eome of you know her graeddaughtet Geiseme who heeee a considerible iesemble oee to her

Not thet I had much time for weteh teg though they eherged right into our eudet aed the battle was pretty hot The fiet ene to streek me wes e big brute whskey and bottle scarred I had never been re ectual combat before but he d led plenty of drill during the wtu sceiie so I knew whet to do.

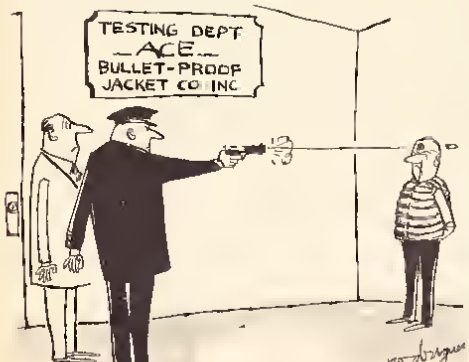
I soon had the big fellow worn out The next oee wis e mete youth het vigor nes I hed to couple with him three t eies before he ley exhausted

T wes eeting brecklast et e campfire when up came the yonegster who had been the second one on me the day be fore He looked pretty peeked and I offered him something to eet even though it wes against the regulations to feed enemy soldiers lest they regain etreegth

Bet you eiee t *fighting* us he said

As eoon ee he eeid this he nervously looked aioned to see whether he d been

[continued on page 62]



"— — How?"

THE JEWEL

[continued from page 9]

"I mean these sensational Take a trip hat You think you see it as it really is But you don't become you associate it with other ideas. If you had never heard of one before and suddenly saw it alone you'd be frightened or you'd laugh. That is the effect of the bric and brac is why it drives men mad

We of course had only the glass so we saw things as we wished they were—*that* is the best way to live my way

Having dragged the description out as long as I dared I returned to my story

Nina as I mentioned spoke fluent English so we got on famously She was a brilliant conversationalist and talked wittily of literature the theatre and love And for the most part I sat and listened unable to take my eyes from her

After dinner we strolled in the garden exchanging protestations of love Though we naturally meant little that we said it was pleasant way to pass the time as we walked off the effect of our meal

The full moon overhead cast shadows on the ground that shifted in the breeze constantly changing like the patterns of a giant kaleidoscope

We had strolled for almost an hour when suddenly a gong sounded announcing us to the chateau

Once inside Nina led the way to a drawing room with a small stage at one end And when everyone was seated and quiet the lights dimmed and the curtains parted A couple was gradually revealed in a single spotlight They were in the pose of Rodin's The Kiss

I won't describe what took place—I have sworn not to—but I can say that it was something quite strange, something I might never have conceived had I lived a hundred years and devoted all my thinking hours to the pursuit of love.

As I watched fascinated a voice that seemed to come from nowhere yet still to flow over me, whispered the intimate passionate secret that we're taking place

I glanced at Jud Clearly he was wondering, what the secret was

Later when the performance was over I could hear the rustle of silk, in the darkness about me as couples left the room Then with a gentle pressure of her hand Nina indicated that it was time to leave and led the way into the darkened gallery up one flight of stairs then another down a corridor and into a beautifully appointed room illuminated by a single candle

Though I could not see the room clearly I would swear that at least one of its paintings was by Degas, or Gauguin Later I learned that each room was decorated in a different period a different manner illustrating the element of chance that made each evening's pleasure so exciting just to anticipate

Nina indicated with a gesture that I was to remove her gown In dress too each of the women was quite different None for example wore a sheath of jade green silk couched at the waist with a belt of gold and held together at the shoulder by a golden scarab

I removed the belt then unfastened the pin, and with a gentle swishing sound that I will never forget the dress slipped along her body to form a circular mound upon the floor

And what a magnificent body It was The candlelight caught out its natural ivory, highlighting its soft seductive curves as if enjoying them out of the darkness of the room Never before had I seen a body so obviously made for love Merely to look at it made me weak Had I been a eunuch I might have spent my life contemplating her navel had she not had so many other more interesting charms that fought for my attention

Nina stepped from the green circle of her dress and began to remove my clothes so expertly that it was a caress

"At last completely naked we faced one another—each drinking in the sight of the other's nakedness When we could drink no more I took her in my arms and we kissed from head to toe in a kiss of exquisite pain

Then when we were unable to bear the pain longer we drew apart and I stretched out upon the gigantic bed that was as soft and sensual then it was an experience in itself As I lay there seeking the secrets of Nina's body we they were suggested by the flickering candlelight Ravel's *Bolero* filled the room and Nina began to move slowly gracefully turning upon herself becoming first taller then shorter stretching and reaching, making herself all belly

Certainly Baudelaire must have had the same experience he described it so vividly

Et son buste et sa jambe et sa cuisse et ses reins
Pâlir comme de l'huile ou luire comme un vernis
Parmont devant mes yeux et mon âme ouvert

For God's sake Jud broke in get on with it

I shrugged and continued

In an instant Gina was there again—and again we kissed *Tôut* she was gone vibrating out the light as she left leaving me only the haunting fragrance of her perfume and her memory to be possessed in imagination as I had seen the woman possessed upon the stage

I lay back, tense as the strings of some faceless violin played my melody while then relaxed never to play their melody again

Slowly the vapors of what I had said seeped through the layers of Jud's callused mind—and his voice when he spoke was strained unnatural

"You mean you didn't ? he demanded almost shouting

Only in imagination

Still he wasn't convinced

"You mean she left before you could do anything, that you let her know she was going?

"Yes

Perplexity was carved in the lines of his face

Because that's the way it's done Because it's better that way

Because it's better that way? he said repeating, the words dumbly

But yes The men who go there are men of zeal They know that only in the mind can one achieve the heights of love Compared with the mind, the body is a poor instrument indeed How many men have bodies that permit them to perform the feats of love they would perform if even close to have performed? Almost none So—what better way to possess a woman than in imagination? Complete with what one can do in imagination actual possession is an entelechy

To hell it had to end that way snapped he said

Yes I answered absently

I was back at the chateau And once again the moon came from behind a cloud as if someone had pulled a curtain—to reveal Nina naked in the moonlight She held let down her hair and it hung to her waist like a black mane And again the sight of her nakedness took my breath away

Nina I whispered

Startled she turned as if to flee, then turned again her hands outstretched beseeching

All over she said her voice a caress, I have come back

Come I whispered breathlessly

She flung herself at me kissing my lips my body and as she did, her hair blinded me as if alive I shivered in ecstasy

Then I drew her closer to me

Yes, I repeated answering how long it had been since I had first replied to His question, it is too bad.

Letter from a father to his son

Fernando Jones settled on the shores of Lake Michigan in 1833. Seventy years later he addressed the Chicago Historical Society. The Society still treasures a copy of his speech along with another document thoughtfully penned by the hardy pioneer. This one is a poem.

THE KEYHOLE IN THE DOOR

We left the party early
I think 'twas scarcely nine
And by a happy fortune
Her place was next to mine
Resolved like old Columbus
New regions to explore
I took a snug position
By the key-hole in my door.

The maiden then disrobing
Revealed her pretty breasts;
Two round snowy hillocks,
All crimsoned at the crest,
And then she gently stroked them
I softly cried "Encore!"
But oh! she could not hear me
Through the key hole in the door.

She next unloosed her tresses
Of wavy chestnut hair
Which fell in streaming torrents
Adown her shoulders fair
Then quickly she rebound them
More firmly than before
I watched the pretty process
Through the key-hole in the door

Then down upon the grasses
She sat with graceful ease
And raised her spotless linen
Above her snowy knees.
A dainty sky-blue garter
On either leg she wore.
Oh! twas a glowing picture
Through the key-hole in the door.

Now she the fire approaches,
Her little feet to warm
And nothing but a chemise
Concealed her lovely form.
Thinks I, take off your chemise,
I'll ask for nothing more,
And forth I saw her do it
Through the key hole in the door.

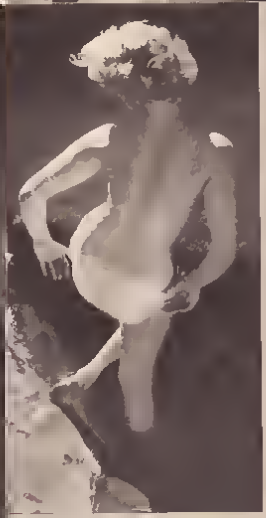
And next with nimble fingers
She dons her snow-white gown
And on her bed for Jennie
Prepared to lay her down
Upon an earthy pillow
She gently lays her head
The light was then extinguished
And darkness veiled the bed

Donalda Jordan was born in Glendale California eighteen years ago. Having grown up in Miami Florida however she is in reality a new arrival on the Hollywood scene —and determined to become a fixture via a TV or acting career.

The at present model and would be actress weighs in at 120 pounds flat! a spectacular 41" Waist a petite 24" Hips a well rounded 36"

Photos by Russ Meyer Globe

Ye dreaming men of science
Who strain your eager eyes
In gazing at the planets
That deck the distant skies,
Nature has greater wonders
Than are dreamed of in your lore
And a telescope is nothing
To a key-hole in the door.



Boy. This *is* Hell!

SPORT CARS

by Jon Draco

The great Cord of 1936-37 with 8 cylinder engine supercharged (to 160 hp) and coffin nose design. Prince Bernhard received one from his bride Wilhelmina

1932 boat-tailed Auburn Speedster—sans 1929-1932. Cost less than $2,000 and did over 100 mph on roads that would kill modern domestic cars

Mercedes-Benz with aluminum body of 1933. Classic lines are still [illegible]

1933 Duesenberg

WHY DOES A sports car become a classic and live in the minds of men decades after it no longer is built? Despite the many descriptions dreamed up to determine the classic status it boils down to the fact that a car that reaches this position in men's minds has a *personality* composed of the look of its lines, the smell of paint, leather, gasoline and oil, and the racket of its exhaust. There is not that much personality in the lowest common denominator of a mass produced machine.

What man in his right mind would want to drive a Mercer Raceabout? Its 4-cylinder T-head engine has an exhaust the size of a stove pipe and the racket it makes when revving up can be heard for miles. Its windshield is a round sheet of glass fitted in a bracket clamped to the steering column—there is no top, side curtains or other weather protection—and the hand brake, shift levers and gas pedal are outside the car. High wheeled, stark and functional, without a pound of excess metal, *the Mercer is a man's car*. It takes muscle to turn the steering wheel that operates only one and one quarter turns lock to lock. Its roadability is better than many cars built today and it corners like a dream with wagon springs front and back, and reluctant to relax shock absorbers all around to assure a teeth jarring ride at lower speeds. Once underway the ride smooths out and a cruising speed of 60 is quite normal. In early races they were

Packard Super 8 1933 which had power bulges (bonnets) weighed 5 000 pounds and sped at 100 mph. It had push button lube 4-speed gear boxes 145 hp engine. This is the Phaeton model by Dietrich

driven at 70 and better and the late Barney Oldfield drove a modified job that ran 90. From 1910 until 1915 the Mercer Company manufactured about 800 of these cars. With only about 25 known to be in existence the Raceabouts command fabulous prices to the collectors market. With their superior speed acceleration and handling the only genuine American sports car that will have a well restored Mercer a battle is a Stutz Bearcat.

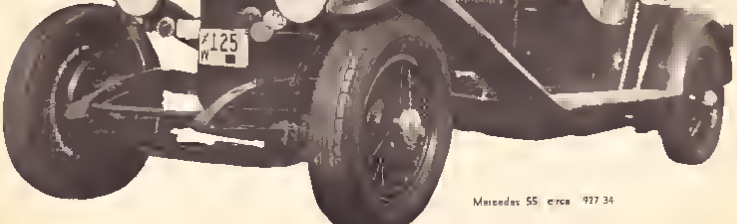
From 1911 to 1915 the two cars fought a fairly even battle on the race tracks of the U.S., but considering that the Mercer has the smaller engine it has a slight edge. The first Stutz was built in a matter of *weeks* by Harry Stutz and he drove it in the first Indianapolis race in 1911. Stutz automobiles were built until 1935 and even some of the younger sports car drivers of today can remember seeing the burly tail convertibles go bellowing by. The 24 hour race at Le Mans saw Stutz cars run in 1928 through 1930. And this classic car was one of the first to use safety glass and hydraulic brakes. Overhead cams were another innovation used in the Stutz engine as well as front wheels to a cylinder used in the DV 32 model.

The first Indianapolis race was won by a Marmon another magnificent example of American Automotive genius. Smooth and powerful the big V16 is still remembered as one of our finest automobiles. But it was the Marmon Baby Eight that the young bucks drove.

Wherever car drivers or collectors get together someone is sure to mention the Duesenberg. Without exception the mighty "D" was the only *really* fast car that combined its speed with unsurpassed quality. When a man was a success in those days—he drove a Duesenberg. No stock automobile kept up with or passed a Deusy if the driver didn't want it to. A Duesenberg won the French Grand Prix in 1921. That is the only time an American built car has ever won that race. And the big "D" won at Indianapolis in 1921, 25 and 27. In 1920 a specially built 16 cylinder Duesenberg ran on the beach at Daytona reaching almost 158 mph. On the desert in 1935 Ab Jenkins ran an SJ Duesenberg for 24 hours averaging over 135 mph hitting 160 mph at times on the ten mile course. The first four wheel hydraulic brakes on a production US car came out on the Duesenberg. And look at these figures the supercharged model SJ Duesenberg would go 140 mph taking only 17 seconds to get to 100. Second gear would let it wind to over 100. High quality material and workmanship left the rest of the Duesenberg so high—the Duesenberg brothers needs no compromise for price—that the car couldn't be sold at a profit and in 1926 the Auburn Cord Company bought out the concern.

The unforgettable Auburn Speedsters and the future styled Cords were products of this company. Even today the coffin nosed Cords look futuristic. The Cord was the first real convertible with real quarter windows that pivoted down when reached upon. Late model convertibles feature this as a modern innovation. Cord had it in 1935. When the top is down it disappears completely in a well that has a metal cover. There were of course no power operated tops at that time, and it required some muscle to raise and lower the canvas. A common misconception about the Cord is that it was a failure because it was too advanced for its time as was the Chrysler Airflow. But the Auflow was a horrible looking box when it was built and still is. Cords are still beautiful and I've seen them up for sale at prices ranging from $2 000 to $3 500. Cord went out of business because it was a luxury car selling at a high price during depression times. It was inevitable that it would fail when the depression was coupled with a 6 months delay in production that allowed competitors to work over the kinks about front wheel drive not being practical. And in the rush of getting out the car there were bugs that showed up. They were easily corrected but an uninformed public does not wait for corrections in its automobiles.

A classic sports car may not have been the fastest the most comfortable, not the most reliable, but it has the power to make strong men thrill and talk about it to the same way they do about beautiful females.



Mercedes SS circa 1927 34

Dr. Johnson on Conjugal Fidelity

By James Boswell,
London, 1791 . . .

Boswell I mentioned to him a dispute between a friend of mine and his lady concerning conjugal infidelity which my friend had maintained was by no means so bad in the husband as in the wife

Johnson "Your friend was in the right Sir Between a man and his Maker it is a different question but between a man and his wife, a husband's infidelity is nothing They are connected by children by fortune by serious considerations of community Wise married women don't trouble themselves about infidelity in their husbands (They detest a mistress but don't mind a whore My wife told me that I might lye with as many women as I pleased provided I *loved* her alone)"

Boswell To be sure there is a great difference between the offence of infidelity in a man and that of his wife

Johnson The difference is boundless The man imposes no bastards upon his wife"

NOTE Less than a half dozen copies of Boswell's Johnson contain the remarks in parentheses In all other copies they have been suppressed The implication is that a mistress and a wife would receive divided affection and a man cannot serve two masters but a whore commands no affection and therefore a man could still "love his wife alone"

Miss Malinda Markey, who we have been informed may be featured in a new motion picture of 15,000 TIGER readers wide by Casting Director RKO Pictures 780 Gower St. not Hollywood, California

Who said
Jazz is
American?

Jutta Hipp at Newport Jazz Festival

Jean Toots Thielmans
at Newport Jazz Festival

foreign

JAZZ

stars

Jutta Hipp Trio Ind. bass
Th green drums Wendy alto (guest)

Tashiko Akiyoshi at Newport Jazz Festival

Tosh ko Akiyoshi and fellow students at Berklee School

One night I was seeking ego ou Wa 52nd Street Mauth eu ue heiu un that was too big, eud too bright lighted. I stared nuto e stellug glase of beei eud I listened. While the uegleeted beei flet tened I shut the light out of my mind eud drew the wells in closer and examined the jegged lues of eiuuol thet swirled about ell colurs eud twisted crezily in e compelling petteen ee the uotes eruug out of the piuuo like uuteelug twine.

The uuude were those of nueleer neurobe urbau Amerlee 1957. They was forward plouguug, jet propelled. New World jezz, skiddtug riskily eheed, hell beut fur America 1956. Amerlee 1984 and swo plug all eiouud my head and thet etale glese of beei filling up the world of America Tought.

To my left at the bei two chape set and listeued tno Musicaue uumistek ebly. One muttered quietly to the uther.

Thet bruud pleye just like e meu Man.

The other eneqtured just tightened his glare eud kept listeuug eud steruig.

Diueetly eheud of us, ou e cluttered steud in the middle nf the ovel bei e loug britted gul sat with the whale world et her fingertips laid out before her across a keyboard. All the thugs that euuuted were there. Nothing elee mettered.

Theu she tied e fride knot eruuud the end of her chorus. While hei bees mou tnek over for he uwu little display the lung haired gil fubled her eume atop the pieuo eud tested her chu uu her elbow.

So gtuth [illegible]. With me eei I leteued t be hess ole uther I reserved tu imagine the new ver eumue she nes luveuug, behud thuse dieteut eyes it here.

I d hrid e small passau lor seeug aud heeiug, this leeping, fiugered chick fresh frow Leipzig, Germeny with the uu u elodie uime of Jutte (pronouueed Yoo te) Hipp ever euee I d read Ernest Boueemhaue descriptenu of her in the British *Melody Maker* — a small pale beautiful gul with vest, sed eyes aud e figure so fiegile that you dont believe her eepeble uf the fabulous uuse ele gets out if the piano. She has the en ol e wtarth luet in this world of wicked men eud incomprehensible dunge. She ete et the piano absulutely uuinovieg, never benayug, even by the slightest muvement of her shouldeie that her etnic aud hnude are fuck ug about the key boeid et Tatum speed. Her pieuo techuique ran from a fiercely mesculine jump style to rapid Bud Fuwellish right hand petterus.

After the set was over I got nvth Jet e t ieni teble awey from the bei. With some treipid questeuu about "How is jezz different here u America?" I upeued our e uvereetion unrelly to feel out how much of a language berrier separated us. Right uff I wes thruwn lu brittle, femi u ue tuues ehe ehittered ehout zie eud zet iu tu easy tipple ul wurde eud occesionel phrases of simple poetry. "Your vege tables teete like weter. I dout like zem. Zey heed so meuy spicee to meke zem taste right. But ze dzezz it guwe very unusual. Only on ze Amerieeu sidewelk eeu dzezz telly grow.

One night recently Jutte picked up e German megezine and begau to read the jezz eolumn in it.

"It made me get nervous all over egeiu —just like when I just eu ved here and met all zese muuerous. I got so nervous. Zet mageziue was so phoney so square. Zey knew uussing. I knew uussing really until I came here e few muuse ego eud heard you muuicians pley in zeu uwu couutry in zeu owu life. In Germeuy zey sulk zey eau eteete e real Germeu dzezz. Zey eeat. It's lete and uuly here I sink I will commit eu eide behiue t put my foot in a boat egain." Theu ehe lightly laughed.

When I heard Lester Yung in Europe I sought his muste was dead. But now I hear him here and I underetetend it. He s meu much. Once you live in Americe [illegible] whet he eeye.

What el es this muse ilescribe about America? I eeked.

"I am uut e heedshnuker. I dent k ow."

What ere heedshnuker?

"Pr se. Dqu't you kuov? Like Sig mnl Freud it's e psyehiatrist. I teatured [illegible] here. I sought zet e whet you ll ey."

[continued on next page]

And so in a few minutes with this tense and delicate *fusion* of the keyboard I had regained a new term to add to my glossary of dreary idiom that alone a new perspective on what this thing, the cello (jazz cello) should be. That it's the great American music and the indigenous American art end all that—I've heard that three and a half billion times, and after the first million you stop listening. But it's something else again when a remarkable exponent of the art such as Jimmie Hupp says she never really dug it but it was all about until she leaped the waters and got herself into the swim here bathing in the crazy pace of American life—that each the music and the way of life, explains the other. There is a statement in the made only by the observer with the distant view.

And it's a statement worded in different ways and with different accents by a parade of new jazz stars who have in common one chief quality: they're foreigners who have mastered an American art form and now are streaming into this country with the twin result of being howled over by our native players and at the same time howling over one of our most sophisticated and hardened audiences. They're our newest celebrities at the banks. They're good. What used to be an imbalance of cultural trade is now shifting around. We're starting to import the very jazz which we used to export.

Here's a rundown of some of the tasty imports which have sweetened and spiced the recent season of jazz.

FRIEDRICH GULDA

Here's a virtuoso and students young Austrian who stands off from the others because where he burst upon the jazz world a few months ago it was not just the explosion of a new star upon the piano. It was an explosion of surprise followed by a seriously critical appraising from classical ivory tourists. Gulda young as he is has been accepted as one of the most disciplined prize eggheads in the music of Beethoven a field which young musicians are advised to skirt because it is profoundly mature music for profoundly mature minds. Where Gulda switched locations from Carnegie Hall to another piano bench a few blocks southward at Birdland the classicists hillered. The torn' and the jazzophiles scoffed. Dubiously. Last September, after his Birdland endeavor had already been calmed into a quiet respect, Gulda participated in *Down Beat* magazine's famed Blindfold Test—listening to a group of jazz records on which he was given no information. His cute-recorded comments revealed a keenly sharpened ear for the subtleties of jazz and a most sensitive and thoughtful taste.

TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI

When Norman Granz' Jazz at the Philharmonic toured Japan last year Oscar Peterson wondered one night into a little club in Tokyo's Ginza section where all the little clubs and bars are. Early next morning he came back raving about a piano-playing chick named Toshiko. For three years, Toshiko leading a nine-piece modern outfit had had an obscure little time pocket weekly on radio and TV. But only when word got around that Norman Granz was interested in her did she suddenly become mobbed by faces from Japanese record companies. Her hunger however was not yet for glory but for knowledge. She already learned what anybody in Japan could teach and that left just one place to go. The States. After months of correspondence with Lawrence Berk at the newly Boston teacher she packed up and came to the Berklee School last January. She handled herself adequately with the beginner but her first move in Boston was to call up with Leonard Feather's *Encyclopedia of Jazz* and read about through it just to learn the terminology of jazz. Says Berk, "Until now we have had no Oriental influence in jazz. I sincerely feel that she's it. She is just alive with musical imagination."

Piston's Storyville too was alive with delight when Toshiko sat in just a few hours after she arrived in the city and left the high from Newport Jazz Festival was captivated by her.

BERNARD PEIFFER

Patrons at the Embers in New York had their ears pinned back about every ago by a pianist with excited eyes, a long choppy blood mustache and for a strong Gallic flemish an escot etennid his neck. A few times during those early days on the job Bernard Peiffer almost got back to the boat which would have been France's gift and America's loss. First, after an arrival in America four days before Christmas he billed around but permitted to twitch a finger for an audience because the musicians union required a six month wait before he could become a dues payer. Finally after three months Peiffer's manager Vivien Besley persuaded the union board to waive the rule and abbreviate the suspense.

In a few days Bernard who has come to be billed as Le Most was employed at the Embers but he became even more demoralized. His knowledge of English was most elementary. New York's blinking cheese of antemobiles terrorized him. American listeners talked more than they listened. He couldn't find an apartment, and he wasn't getting along nohow with the situation opposite him on the bill Dorothy Donegan.

But soon, life began to shape up better. George Shearing's group replaced Miss Donegan. Bernard and George liked each other immediately—and Jean Thielemans Shearing's guitarist, talked French. Soon after Bernard displayed his style fantastique and his technique extraordinaire before his biggest American audience at the Charlie Parker Memorial Concert in Carnegie Hall and knocked the people out. American Jazz had imported another bright influence and another star.

RITA REYS

A 5 foot 6-inch blonde from Amsterdam has set a match to the lynce of up tempo American tunes and is starting to blaze some new directions in jazz singing. She's Rita Reys (pronounced rice) who hardly ever sings in her native tongue. On TV on my records and radio programs in Europe I always sing in English. I can't sing in Dutch. It's a terrible language. You see, I was brought up in Rotterdam and I speak their horrible dialect a sort of sing-song. I studied English in school, but mostly I learned by listening to American records." Some times, when she played a commercial spot back home, she did a pop thing in Dutch.

"You haven't heard *Sixteen Tons* until you've heard it in Dutch. Especially in

[*concluded on page 61*]

Friedrich Gulda at Newport Jazz Festival

JAZZ POLL RESULTS
next issue

"Professor, there's a businessman from Las Vegas to see you."

His name was Colt and he claimed to have invented a pistol . . . but the $30,000 he paid to the unknown gunsmith branded this claim a lie!

COLT REVOLVER

by Baron F K E von Oppen

THE MAN WHO invented the Colt revolver was not named Colt. Yet the unsung genius who shaped Sam Colt's scatterbrained ideas in unyielding steel and made that steel yield to the demands, has remained nameless. History does not point him out. Lists of gunmakers omit him. Despite the fact that his contributions to the career of Colt were a major one, he did not work with Colt for much more than two years.

Why has history bypassed John Pearson, the Baltimore gunsmith?

Possibly it is because he lived up to a bargain. He bargained not to say what he knew of the work leading to the development of Colt's revolver. The price of his silence was $30,000 cash.

History substantiates that Sam Colt first became interested in a repeating gun in 1830. He has cruised as a midshipman aboard a brig, the Corvo, bound for Calcutta from Boston. When at the age of 16 he returned to Hartford in the spring of 1831, he was fired with enthusiasm. He had carved a model of a repeating pistol, but it was all while aboard ship. The idea was there, but it needed mechanical skill to make it practical. That skill was lacking in Colt.

Sam was interested always in showmanship. As a child he had combined a certain curiosity (making gunpowder) with showmanship (by putting on a display exploding a raft on a mill pond with a bomb). When he had the idea of a revolving, chain-bored breech-action repeating gun, he wanted to get someone else to make the models.

Combining showmanship with scientific curiosity, Sam set up a traveling medicine show. With portable equipment and a hand push cart, he toured the New England states giving demonstrations. The effects of laughing gas to audience participants. At 25¢ in 50s a head, he could have made a good living as a showman. Instead he sunk nearly every cent of his income over the years 1832-1836 into the gun project.

Mechanics in Hartford, Albany and New York made experimental guns for Sam. It is possible that he sold a few of these experimental guns. However, only four or five pistols and two or three rifles were made during the years 1831 to 1841. Then he met John Pearson on a trip to

[continued on page 62]

John Pearson

At Left: One of a pair of presentation models used to select stockholders. 6 shot .31 caliber. Below: Early Paterson altered from a Pearson model. About 1836.

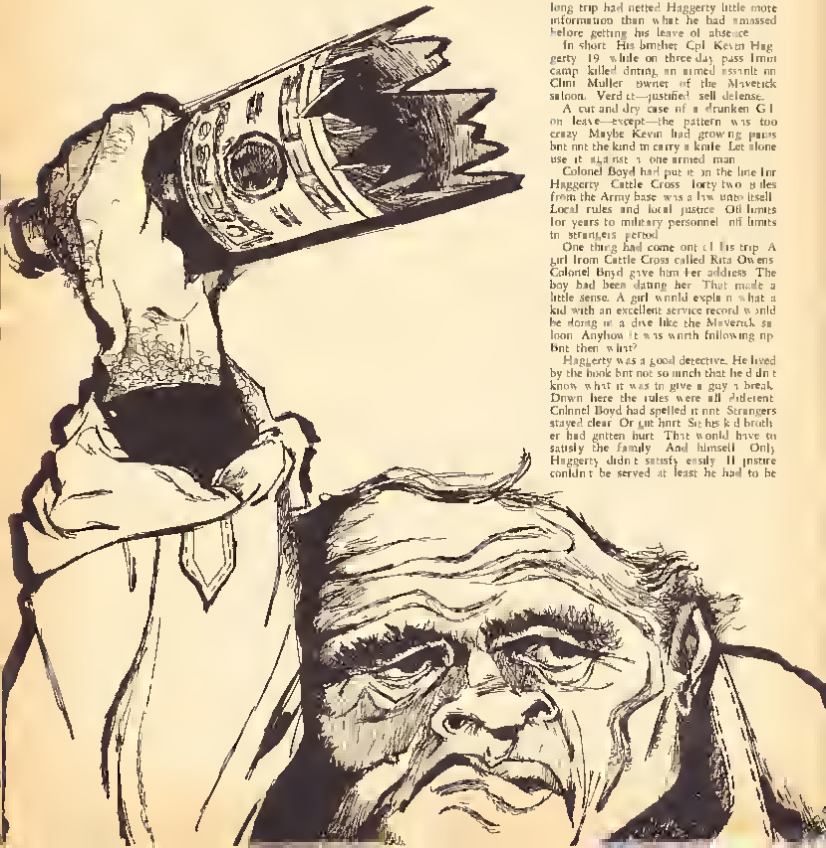
Above: Two Production Paterson Colts. Concealed triggers, 5 shot revolvers.

Above: 1835 Pearson Tested at West Point in 1837.

Below: Two 1836 pre Paterson Colts which Pearson refused to finish until he got his retainer salary. The bayonet was in great demand in the ante bellum South

Sam Colt

The bastard came at me with the broken bottle raised high. But he left himself open at one spot . . . and it was there that I drove my knee up . . . hard!



JOHN "RED" HAGGERTY eased his aching frame on the edge of the dry rotted hotel bed and wiped some of the hot Southwest dust from his brow.

Moodily the New York detective watched the rust run from the basin tap that he had opened, then stride over and used his hands to shovel some of the lukewarm water down his throat. So far his long trip had netted Haggerty little more information than what he had amassed before getting his leave of absence.

In short: His brother Cpl. Kevan Haggerty 19, while on three-day pass from camp, killed during an armed assault on Clint Muller, owner of the Maverick saloon. Verdict—justified self defense.

A cut and dry case of a drunken GI on leave—except—the pattern was too crazy. Maybe Kevan had grown panicky but not the kind to carry a knife. Let alone use it against a one armed man.

Colonel Boyd had put it on the line for Haggerty. Cattle Cross, forty two miles from the Army base, was a law unto itself. Local rules and local justice. Off limits for years to military personnel, off limits to strangers, period.

One thing had come out of his trip. A girl from Cattle Cross called Rita Owens. Colonel Boyd gave him her address. The boy had been dating her. That made a little sense. A girl would explain what a kid with an excellent service record would be doing in a dive like the Maverick saloon. Anyhow it was worth following up. But then what?

Haggerty was a good detective. He lived by the book but not so much that he didn't know what it was to give a guy a break. Down here the rules were all deficient. Colonel Boyd had spelled it out. Strangers stayed clear. Or got hurt. So his kid brother had gotten hurt. That would have to satisfy the family. And himself. Only Haggerty didn't satisfy easily. If justice couldn't be served at least he had to be

...n that Kevin had died a victim of a lawless enemy, and not as a young punk killed in an assault against a helpless citizen.

And the Clint Mullen? How could a near-armed man so brutally beat up a healthy young soldier that the injuries proved fatal? Haggerty sighed and took a fresh shot from his suitcase. Well, maybe the girl could give him the answers he wanted.

The weasel-faced hotel clerk watched three months after he left. Haggerty knew that ten minutes after he checked in, the town had been alerted to the stranger in their midst.

THE GIRL who opened the door couldn't have been more than sixteen. She wore a bridal cotton robe and nothing else. The way minute had put her together, you couldn't miss seeing that. The detective eyed her up and down. Young and remarkably well-built. And plenty expensive. The kind of a girl that could easily handle a kid like Kevin. He pushed his way in without waiting for an invitation.

"Are Owens?"

The girl looked at him wearily. "Yes." She had a thick drawl that went with her long auburn hair. "What do you want?"

He removed his hat. "I'm a family friend of Kevin Haggerty. From New York. I understand you were with him the night he was killed."

The girl looked up at him in fright. "I don't know what you're talking about. I'll—" she fumbled nervously with the belt of her robe. It accentuated the firm breasts beneath it.

Haggerty decided to go a little easier. "Mind if I sit down, miss? I've come a long way."

She hesitated for a moment, then nervously waved to a chair. Haggerty softened his voice. "You must excuse me for being so [illegible] a greeting, but [illegible] the hunting and brawling. I'm hoping you could tell me a few things about that night that might be consoling to the folks." He accepted her question. Kevin wrote home about you, Miss Owens. We heard a lot of nice things about you from the boy."

The anger on melted from the girl's eyes and she sat down uneasily next to the detective. "Did Kevin really write home about me?"

Twice, the detective lied. He seemed to be struck now. "Can't say that I blamed him."

The girl suddenly became aware of her loose robe and drew it closer to her. It only helped to outline her figure more clearly. "Kevin was a good boy, mister," she said. "Not like the other soldiers all you know what I mean."

She wet her lips with her tongue. I shouldn't be saying this to you, but I guess his family would want to hear it. Kevin wasn't drunk that night. He never took but a couple of beers in all the time I knew him. And he didn't start the fight. Clint Mullen did. He made Kevin fight. Clint hates people."

The detective leaned forward. "But how could a near-armed man beat a healthy kid to death?"

"Mister, you can't never seen Clint Mullen."

"What about the knife? The report said Kevin had a knife."

The girl shook her head. "Kevin had no knife, mister. I wished he had. Oh, a gun!"

"Then the chief witness lied?"

The girl laughed bitterly. "That was Wes Davis. He's Clint's brother-in-law."

The detective's face set. The picture was cleaning up rapidly. There were other people in the bar. He pointed out. "Couldn't someone stop it?"

"Mister, nobody'd stop Clint. [illegible] ing up a stranger, even if [illegible] She began to weep. "It's my fault. I should have known it might happen. She hid her tear-streaked face to his. "But I only brought Kevin in for one [illegible] sort of show, but off I [illegible] him. She put a hand to her eyes. "But Clint, he deliberately gave Kevin the wrong change. He's always spoiling for somebody. I told Kevin to come with me, honest I did, mister. And he was going, but Clint grabbed him with that arm of his. Then he started using his fist. It was awful. I tried to stop it, but Clint knocked me away. Wes Davis he just stood there watching and laughing."

Haggerty clenched his big fists. One lousy beer, he thought. A cheap prostitute and a good kid had to have the life beaten out of him. So all the local hero [illegible] set there and— He stopped short as the girl suddenly stared behind him in terror.

"—and what, stranger?" a menacing voice asked.

Haggerty turned. A slim man in a steson leaned lazily against the open door. The man asked again. "And what, stranger? The long hand reached out his left and came out with a skinny pocket knife.

The detective eyed the knife gravely. "You Wes Davis?" he asked quietly.

The slim man nodded. "And you're the stranger from New York that's been asking a lot of fool questions and is leaving here pronto." He nibbled a thumb on the knife handle.

Haggerty controlled the rage in him. If he let himself shred up it would just be another case of a stranger causing trouble. He pushed back his chair and got up. He'd gotten what he had come for. Then he remembered the girl. She'd been an instrument in Kevin's death but his hate was centered elsewhere. "Sorry, Miss Owens, you couldn't be of more help." he

[continued on next page]

SATURDAY NIGHT AT CATTLE CROSS

by Sidney Field

[continued from page 47]

ueid eveely She looked et him ttsteefely

The slim mee smeply stepped sside to let him pass I ne t expecting to see yoe ega e he said emmously

Heggerty looked at hint contemptuously The lest peek to pell a knife on him had luedled in a hospitel with e broken heed He eodded huelly to the girl then walked tensively eet of the sheet The knife te Wes Davis heed had settled oee thteg lon him It wes eew A stulleto-type with e switch blede mechenism It dide t take eey geenus te figete out whe hed plunted e slmiler neepoe eext to the body of Kevin.

THE THREE streets thet were Cattle Cross had filled ep mere the sue hed goee dowe It wes Setetdey eight Jest like thet othe Setetdey eight when Kevin had come here Bet ty the inhebiteets of this gumy little hole ene week was the ssme es the next The elock hed stopped e heedred yeers ego in Cattle Cr iss

The Msverick selnoe was situated be twcee e smell geeesl store and a livery stehle It could hrve beee mistiken for the setteg of e grede-B Westere with the smell throwe te free He peused for s memeet te froet el the dirty window look ing on et the sslnoe that was elmost filled with the Dieal het shots The words ceme heik te him "Mister eohody d stop Chet from heeting ep a stteeger evee if they coeld He took s deep hreeth eed peshed in the swiegeig doo

The telking stepped elmost oe tee as he threeded his way over to the bar It elmost seemed feeey eot eoeatg te with e new shooter stepped to his weest Like a tewboy hero Bet it wase t feeey This was lot reel A lene stranger looking fm e killer te e hostile town.

A little mee te e sweaty eproe greeted him npen meuthed from behied the her The detective watched the heggty faces fe back of him throegh the her eairnt as he nidered e whiskey He keew they were leking them chops over the prospect of aeother Setarday eight show like the oee thet hed killed Kevie

The Meverick bartender hesitated thee nlestly teached for e hettle from the shelf The leige wooden lee hanggig lrom the ceiheg seemed to be tonneg eos

That s ekey- sheity I'll serve the mat

Haggerty tetned toweid the he smieg voice eed new e colossus slowly rise frem e eeid teble situated in the rest This was the largest mae he had ever seen Hag gerty was big, as most New York detec tives are Bet this man though e hill head shorter was treekish le his width. He completely filled the spnee behied the bat sn he eppreached Heggerty Ae empty sleeve heeg from his left side The arm thet reached for the whiskey bottle wes en mensive es s yoeeg eek tree

The gneet pelled the cork oet with his teeth ned poered Heggerty e drink Thee he peeted eee for himself All eyes wetted as the two mee dowced their drieks The whiskey beteed like meltee love Nivs Haggerty could see hew little e theere Kevin had hed egainst s monster like this The bellet-hed tented elmost eeekless ne the tremendeus shoulders The nim wes en wide en the everege mee n two As e gutlelmee poeeding e heat eed later ss s plantclothesmsn Haggerty hed mixed it ep with plenty of would be tough guys eed pnlled himself thet he hid eever seed e billy But this mee epposite him wes e eightmere of stsength

"Yon the stteneer ge eg eroued nskieg qeestioes ahnet thet soldier boy?

Haggerty niped a dsmp palm ee his toesem I m the gey

The hege shoelders tensed. Ah theeght Wes told yoe to get out of towe?

"Leoks like I dide t"

And thet wese t smart stteeger Heggerty fioze et the lemiller voiee Oeie egain the cat like Davis had sneaked ep behind him Thn time he hed the open keile te his hend. The leee mae's eyes dunced meanly as he measured the detec tive That wes plenh steped stteneer he hissed softly Lemme shew yoe how stepid He cneie closet the blade extended before him Heggerty wethed the lipped es the gep between them enrrowed Some one te beck of him neekered Then Hag gerty moved

With oee met oe he grabbed the whis key bettle ned se smled it viciously nrnnn the lean mae s skell Blood spetted from the trim scalp as Wes Devis dropped to the floer Thee Haggerty dropped the broken hnedle ned temed to the her egain.

No oee hed risee to letetfete when Davis hed pelled the knife No eee ieter lerred became of the blow They net like e perk of jeekels weiting fet the antici peted sleughter

Cllet Meller s eyes nsrrowed for n sec eoned en he studied the detective A crooked smile eppeered on his face Slowly he eeme eround froei behind the bar The local dead-beats scrembled before their gnlisth tn-ventage points sgeinst the well Almost good humoredly the gient picked ep ee overturned chair thut wes in his peth and hurled it away from him

Heggerty wetched her grimly Well big boy yon lonked great beating ep a kid Lets nee whnt you do egainst e mee

Seddenly Muller charged end Heggerty smashed a right into the open mouth he fore being crushed against the bar by the tmpact of the rush The puesh ripped open the thick lps het didn t helf the moester s progress

The huge sim grabbed Heggerty s shirt

[continued on page 64]

'Are you kidding? I haven't been able to lie on my stomach since I was 15 years old'

RAWHIDE GAZETTE

ARIZONA

I JUST GOT LAID!

Now I'm Ready For A Hot Mineral Bath and Massage

BUCKHORN MINERAL BATHS

7 MILES EAST OF MESA

IN WHISKEY IT'S AGE ..

IN CIGARETTES IT'S TASTE—

IN A RUMBLE SEAT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

Woudenberg Pontiac

766 WEST MAIN

HEARD ABOUT OUR GOOD FOOD?

SOONER OR LATER YOU'LL GET WIND OF OUR BEANS!

OUR WAITRESSES HAVE THE BIGGEST TIPS IN TOWN

MARQUEE

DRIVE INN

216 E. MAIN

We Have Rectal Thermometers You know what you can do with them.

DESHLER'S

Pharmacy

14 N. HIBBERT MESA

Variety Is The Spice Of Life And We Have It!

INCLUDING

That New Parlor Game "Button, Button Here Come The Folks"!

SPROUSE-REITZ

T17 WEST MAIN

HAVE A COLD?

We Can Fix That!

Use Ex-Lax

IT WON'T CURE YOU BUT YOU'LL BE AFRAID TO COUGH!

Sherwood Pharmacy

T153 EAST MAIN

Madison Avenue

Most newspaper advertising is as eye catching and titilla provoking as a warm cont brassiere on a middle-aged woman. How come is because newspaper ad men are, apparently, sad men who blow through life wishing they weren't. Day in and out, year in and out, millennium in and out—nothing, man. Like nothing, you know?

Except in Mesa, Arizona where one issue a year the hucksters let down their mats and copy and really blow man. Like blow you know?

So here's a couple of the *Gazette* ads for your peeps. Cute? Hell yes. But wouldn't it be real fine to hear the bell in the A and M slide one, stumble out on the pad, stoop pick up the daily and scan this kind of hucksterism with your ham and?

TIGER'S DEN

The teacher called on each of the students to go to the black board and draw something that would cense confusion

The teacher walked over to little Johnny and asked what he had drawn and Johnny replied There a period Of conise the teacher asked how a period would eanse confnsion.

Johnny replied Well, my aister hasnt had one in three months and if you went to see confnelon just come to my house

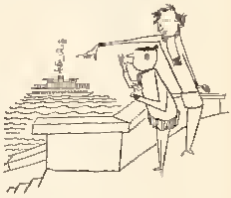
Al Kenfmen

The Lone Ranger and Tonto were riding out West when all of a sudden they eew five thousand Indians in front of them They turned around to ride back and there was another five thousand They turned to their right the same thing. And to the left, the same thing. The Lone Ranger hastily inquired. What shall we do Tonto? And Tonto turned to him and calmly replied "What do you meen we white men?

Michael Stenkowitz

One afternoon two little playboys were standing on a bridge watching a small boat carry a nupe of people from the mainland to a small island and back again. Finally after having watched the entire procedure four different times, one little playboy inquired of his companion as to just what kind of a boat it was that they had been watching. His friend replied Why, man that is a ferry boat." To this the other remarked in a somewhat awe stricken voice, Gee I knew we were organized, but hell... I didn t know we had a navy

Gunnard Nelson



A man went into a drug store and asked the salesmen for a one pound and a five pound box of candy The salesmen thought it was odd and asked him why he wanted two boxes one one pound and the other five pound.

I am going to visit my girl friend, the man replied And if she is good to me I'll give her the one pound box. If she is extra good I'll give her the five pound box.

The salesman then said. Oh, you'll be needing some rubbers then

The man replied Hell no If it's going to rain I'm not going

Gerald Mexfield

A young girl had been working for a wealthy man for sometime One day she told her father she was expecting the stork and her employer was the father

Her enraged father went to her office and gave the boss what for and wanted to know what he was going to do

The boss replied I tell you what, if it's a girl I will give her $5 000 and if it's a boy I'll give her $10 000"

Her father thought a few moments and then said Say mister if anything happens will you give her another chance?

Mis Charlee Devis

It was to Paris that a famous surgeon excused himself for being late to a dinner party by saying he had had to remain at the hospital to amputate a man's penis

With great concern his hostess asked, Did you have to saw through the bone?

Whereupon all the guests rose and bowed reverently to her husband

Henri Beenehemp

A very suggestible Wisconsin dairy farmer watched his new electric milking machine with fascination for some weeks At length he decided to satisfy his curiosity as to how the machine would serve as a safe and sanitary love object. Once the experiment was begun he found that he was unable to extricate himself When his wife phoned the factory she was told Just keep feeding him and fanning him, lady that machine is set for four quarts

Henri Beenehemp

Yes it's true. TIGER does pay $5.00 for each joke used. None can be returned. Send to Tiger's Den, 654 South Michigan, Chicago.

There was a little tree in the forest who was laughed at all the time. One day the little tree turned to a large and very old oak next to him and joked. Could you tell me whether I am a pine or a beech or a sort of a birch?

The oak said in a resounding voice, I'm truly sorry that I cannot tell you whether you are a pine or a beech or a birch, but there is one thing I can tell you. You, mother, was the finest piece of oak in this neck of the woods.

Ron Harmen

Lord Wattell (retired) lived on the outskirts of London in an old castle with separate bedrooms and all that sort of thing, don't'cha know.

One morning as he started for his bath, his valet was startled to see Lord Wettell in a manly condition which he hadn't noticed in several months.

I say, your Lordship, he exclaimed, shall I summon her Ladyship?

Definitely not! replied his Lordship. Just fetch a buggy full of paint. I'm going to smuggle *this* into London.

Denley Kraemer

The Romance of Rex

A TALE OF A PEDIGREED PIDDLIN' PUP

A farmer's dog came into town,
His christian name was Rex,
A noble pedigree had he
Unusual was he sex.
And as he trotted down the street
Twas beautiful to see
He wink'm in every corner—
Has work on every tree.

He watered every gateway too
And never missed a post
For piddling was his specialty
And piddling was his boast.
The City Curs looked on amazed
With deep and jealous rage
To see a simple country dog
The piddle of the age.

Then all the dogs from everywhere
Were summoned with a yell
To sniff the country stranger near
And judge him by the smell
Some thought that he'd slung might be
Beneath his tail a rose
Si every dog drew near to him
And sniffed it up his nose.

They smelled him over one by one
They smelled him two by two
And noble Rex in high disdain,
Stood still till they were thru
Then went to show the while shebang
He didn't give a damn
He trotted in a grocery store
And piddled on a ham.

He piddled on a cruskerel keg—
He piddled on the floor
And when the grocer kicked him out
He piddled through the door
Behind him all the city dogs
Lined up with instinct true
To orient a piddling carnival
And see the stranger through.

They chewed him every piddling post
They had in all the town
And started in with many a wink
to pee the stranger down
They sent for champion piddlers
Who were always in the go
Who sometimes did a piddling stunt
Or gave a piddle show.

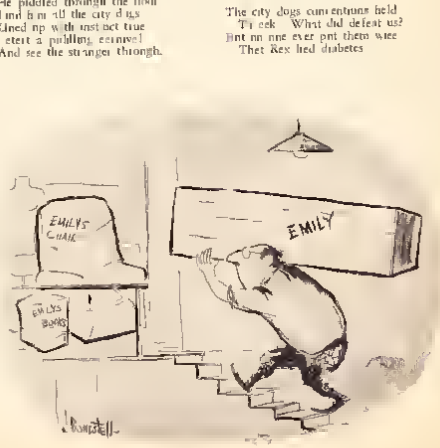
They sprung these on him suddenly
When midway in the town
Rex only smiled and polished off
The ablest, white in brown
For Rex was with them every trick
With vigor and with vim
A thousand puddles mine in less
Were all the same to him.

So he was wetting, steadily
With hind leg kicking high
When most were busting, legs in bluff
And piddling mighty dry
On and on Rex sought new grounde
By piles and seeps and rues,
Till every city dog went dry
And piddled only dust.

But on and on went noble Rex
As wet as any rill
And all the champion city pups
Were jeered in a standstill
Then Rex did flee hend piddling,
With fancy flute and flite
Like dribble dip and gimlet twist
And all those latest bits.

And all the time this country dog
Did never wink or gum,
But piddled blithely out of town
As he had piddled in.

The city dogs cum centuns field
To seek What did defeat us?
But no one ever put them wise
That Rex had diabetes.

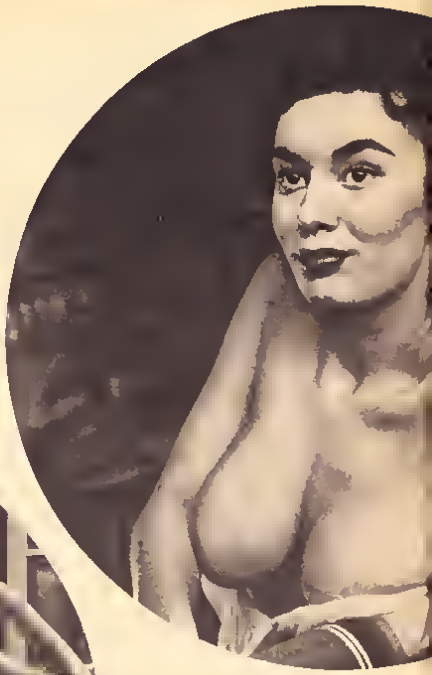


How Big Business Operates

Readers of *Fortune* and *Business Week* are familiar with the success story of the business *executive* but how many are informed on the business executive's *secretary* the *real* brains of any outfit?

We firmly believe that every executive secretary reflects *directly* the products and theories of her firm As an example, we are opening up a secret file of a very confidential business deal [illegible] sssh!

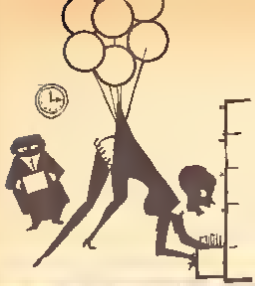
PROJECT Creation of Underground Balloon Corps
CLASSIFICATION Absolutely Top Secret
PRIORITY A 1 Plus



This is Miss Renee Lavelle executive secretary of the National Balloon Corp Her boss makes balloons any kind You see her looking at an experimental model and covering Top Secret Data Yes Miss Lavelle is indeed an excellent secretary *Only* 8 years with her company and already she can type 18 words per minute!

And this is Miss Zahro Nachro (Miss Sweden) who is a confidential agent of the U S Counter Intelligence Corps Stockholm office It is rumored that she is personally responsible to Mr Dulles for all her actions (Miss Dulles that is)

And this is Miss Gunnar Gustafs n (also a former Miss Sweden) who must fill out all requisition forms of the Swedish Gas Company who fill the bal loons. Naw to the Business Miss Gustaf son is therefora still feeling her way around



We were of course interested n find ing out if the girls were placed in their present positions because of their personal appearances Unfortunately Mr A Stevenson newly chosen head of the Project, was occupied with his new file clerk Miss Nona Van Tosh and was not available for interrogation

Photography by Mr Earl Lind

Benvenuto Cellini, a Nobleman of Florence

his autobiography

THE PLAGUE had broken out in Rome and there came to that city a surgeon of the highest renown, who was called Maestro Giacomo da Carpi.* The able man in the course of his other practice undertook the most desperate cases of the so called French disease. In Rome the land of illness is very partial to the priests and especially the richest of them. When therefore, Maestro Giacomo had made his talents known, he professed to work miracles in the treatment of such cases by means of certain fumigations but he only undertook a cure after stipulating for the fees which he reckoned not by tens, but by hundreds of crowns. He was a great connoisseur in the arts of design. Chancing to pass one day before my shop, he saw a lot of drawings which I had laid upon the counter and among these were several designs for little vases in a capricious style which I had sketched for my amusement. These vases were in quite a different fashion from any which had been seen up to that time. He was anxious that I should finish one or two of them for him in silver, and that I did with the fullest satisfaction seeing they exactly suited my own fancy. The clever surgeon paid me very well and yet the honor which the vases brought me was worth a hundred times as much. For the best craftsmen in the goldsmith's trade declared they had never seen anything more beautiful or better executed.

The plague went dragging on for many months but I had as yet managed to keep it at bay; for though several of my comrades were dead I survived in health and freedom. Now it chanced one evening that a mulatto comrade of mine brought home to supper a Bolognese prostitute named Faustina. She was a very fine woman, but about thirty years of age and she had with her a little serving girl of thirteen or fourteen, Faustina belonging, to my friend. I would not have touched her for all the gold in the world and though she declared she was madly in love with me I remained steadfast in my loyalty. But after they had gone to bed I stole away the little serving girl, who was quite a fresh maid and woe to her if her mistress had known of it! The result was that I enjoyed a very pleasant night far more to my satisfaction than if I had passed it with Faustina. I rose upon the hour of breaking fast and left them. In all I had travelled many miles that night and was wanting to take food, when a crushing headache seized me; several boils appeared on my left arm together with a carbuncle which showed itself just beyond the palm of the left hand where it joins the wrist. Everybody to the house was in panic, my friend the cow and the serving girl fled. Left alone there with my poor little apprentice who refused to abandon me, I felt stifled at the heart and made up my mind for certain I was a dead man.

Just then the father of the lad went by, who was physician to the Cardinal and lived as member of the prelate's household. The boy called out, "Come, father and see Benvenuto, he is in bed with some trifling indisposition." Without thinking what my complaint might be, the doctor came up at once and when he had felt my pulse he saw and felt what was very contrary to his own wishes. Turning around to his son he said: "Oh traitor of a child you've ruined me. How can I venture now into the Cardinal's presence?" His son made answer: "Why father this man my master is worth far more than all the cardinals in Rome. Then the doctor turned to me and said, "Since I am here I will consent to treat you but of one thing only I warn you, if you have enjoyed a woman of late you are doomed." To this I replied: "I did so this very night." He answered: "With whom and to what extent?" I said: "Last night and with a girl in her earliest maturity." Upon the perceiving that he had spoke foolishly, he made haste to add: "Well considering, the sores are to men and have not yet begun to stink, and that the remedies will be taken in time, you need not be too much afraid for I have good hopes for curing you."

When he had prescribed for me and gone away a very dear friend of mine called Giovanni Augoli came in and left to commiserating my great suffering and also my desertion by my comrade and said: "Be of good cheer my Benvenuto for I will never leave your side until I see you restored to health." I told him not to come too close since it was all over with me. Only I besought him to be so kind as to take a considerable quantity of crowns which were lying in a little box near my bed and when God had thought fit to remove me from the world, to send them to my poor father writing pleasantly to him, in the way I too had done on far as the appalling season of the plague permitted. May he

*Giacomo da Carpi was a great physician surgeon and student of anatomy. He is believed to have been the first to use mercury to cure syphilis a disease which was devastating Italy.

So devastating was he that husbands forbade their wives to cast looks in his direction. But it was of no use, for he still managed to sire half of Europe's royalty while his sword cut down irate husbands by the pound.

loved friend declared that he had no intention whatsoever of leaving me and that come what might in life or death he knew very well what was his duty toward a friend. And so we went on by the help of God and the admirable remedies which I had used began to work a great improvement and I soon came well out of that dreadful sickness.

WHEN THE PLAGUE had died out, the survivors when they met together elsewhere rejoiced with much delight in one another's company. This led to the formation of a club of painters sculptors and goldsmiths the best that were in Rome and the founder of it was that sculptor with the name of Michel Agnolo.

After many and many merry meetings it seemed good to our worthy president that for the following Sunday we should repair to supper in his house and that each one of us should be obliged to bring with him his own French wine the nickname Michel Agnolo gave to women in the club, and that whosoever did not bring one should be sconced by paying for the supper of the whole company. Those of us who had no familiarity with women of the town were forced to go to no small trouble and expense, in order to appear without disgrace at that distinguished feast of mirth. I had reckoned upon being well provided with a young woman of considerable beauty called Fantasia who was very much in love with me. But I was obliged to give her up to one of my dearest friends. Il Bachacca, who on his side had been cold still was over head and ears in love with her. This exchange excited a certain amount of lovers anger because the lady seeing I had abandoned her at Bachicca's first entreaty imagined that I held in slight esteem the great affection which she bore me.

Well then, the hour was drawing nigh when we had to present ourselves before that company of men of genius each with his own crow and I was still unprovided and yet I thought it would be stupid to fail of such a modest little trick, for the increase of merriment and the diffusion of mirth in our society.

I sent for a stripling of sixteen years who lived in the next house to mine. He was the son of a Spanish coppersmith. This young man gave his time to Latin studies and was very diligent in that pursuit. He bore the name of Diego. He had beside me figure and a complexion of marvelous brilliancy the outlines of his head and face were far more beautiful than those of the antique Antinous. I had often copied them, perhaps thereby much honour from the works in which I used them. The youth had no acquaintances and therefore quite unknown dressed very ill and negligently all his affections being set upon those wonderful studies of his. After hunting him to my house I begged him to let me array him in the woman's clothes which I had caused to be laid out.

He readily complied and put them on at once while I added new beauties to the beauty of his face by the elaborate and studied way in which I dressed his hair. In his ears I placed two little rings, set with two large and fine pearls; the rings were broken, they only dipped his ears, which looked as though they had been pierced. Afterwards I wreathed his

[*continued on next page*]

throat with chains of gold and rich jewels, and ornamented his fair hands with rings. Then I took him in a pleasant manner by one ear, and drew him before a great looking-glass. "Look, when he beheld himself, cried out with a burst of enthusiasm: 'Heavens! is that Diego?' I said: "That is Diego, from whom until this day I never asked for any kind of favor. But now I only beseech Diego to do me pleasure in one harmless thing. I want him to come in those very clothes in supper with the company of ecclesiastics whereof he has often heard me speak. The young man bent his eyes to the ground and stood for a short while in silence. Then with a sudden move he lifted up his face and said: 'With Benvenuta I will go and let us start.

I WRAPPED HIS head in a large kind of napkin, which is called in Rome a *zimarra* cloth and when we reached the place of meeting the company had already assembled and everybody came forward to greet me. Michel Agnolo had placed himself between Giulio and Giovan Francesco. I lifted the veil from the head of my beauty and then Michel Agnolo who as I have already said, was the most luminous and amusing fellow in the world, lead his two friends the one on Giulio's and the other on Gian Francesco's shoulders and pulling them with all his force made them bow down while he on his knees upon the floor cried out in mercy and called to all the folk in words like these: 'Behold ye of what sort are the angels of paradise! For though they are called angels here shall ye see that they are not all of the male gender.' Then with a loud voice he added:

"ANGEL BEAUTEOUS ANGEL BEST,
SAVE ME THOU, MAKE THOU ME
BLEST."

Upon this my charming creature laughed and lifted the right hand and gave him a papal benediction with many pleasant words in boot. So Michel Agnolo stood up and cried it was the custom to kiss the feet of the Pope and the cheeks of angels: and having done the latter to Diego, he having blushed deeply much remained enhanced in beauty.

When this reception was over we found the whole room full of cardinals which every man of us had made and sent to Michel Agnolo. My lad began to feed them and read them all aloud so gracefully that his infinite charms were he glittered beyond the powers of language to describe. Then followed conversation and witty sayings on which I will not enlarge, only the clever words must be mentioned that it was spoken by that admirable painter Giulio, who looking round with meaning in his eyes on the bystanders and living them pertinently upon the women turned to Michel Agnolo and said: 'My dear Michel Agnolo your nickname oil straw very well suits those ladies today though I vow they are some what less fair than crows by the side of one of the most lovely peacocks which Leney could have painted.

A certain Aurelio Ascolano remarkable for his gift as an improvisatory poet, began to extol the women in choice phrases of exquisite compliment. While he was chanting, the two girls who had my beauty between them never left off chattering. One of them related had she had gone wrong: the other asked me how it had happened with her, and who were her friends, and how long she had been settled in Rome: and many other questions of the kind. It is true that, if I chose to describe such lengthable episodes I could relate several odd things which then occurred through these ladies' curiosity on my account. But since they form no part of my design I pass them briefly over. At last the conversation of these loose women vexed my beauty whom we had christened Fiammina for the nonce and Fiamma wanting to escape from them silly talk trained restlessly upon her chair first to one side and then to the other. The female brought by Giulio asked whether she felt indisposed. Fiamma answered yes she thought she was enough surrounded by child. She gave them the opportunity of feeling her body and discovering the real sex of the supposed woman. Thereupon they quickly with them their hands and rose from table uttering, each giving, words of the commonly addressed to young men of eminent beauty.

The whole room rang with laughter and merriment. This ended the most agreeable supper party and each of us returned to his own dwelling at the close of the day.

I HAVE TOLD the story of the artists club and of the selected adventures which happened owing to the women whom I mention, Pantasilea the one who left Pietro that false and fulsome love. She was fortunately engaged because of the pleasant trick by which I brought Diego to that banquet and she escaped to be revenged on me. How she did so le mixed up with the history of a young man called Luigi Prieri who had recently come to Rome. He was the son of one of the Priests who had been beheaded for incest with his daughter and the youth possessed extraordinary gifts for poetry together with sound Latin scholarship. He wrote well was graceful in manners, and of surpassing personal beauty. He had just left the service of some bishop whose name I do not remember and was thoroughly tainted with the very foul disease.

He came, in this miserable plight, to make himself known to me beseeching me for God's sake to help him. I took him into my house and had him medically treated in such wise that being but a youth he soon regained his health. The result was that Luigi recognizing the great benefits he had received from me oftentimes with words and tears returned me thanks protesting that if God should ever put good fortune to his prayer he would recompense me for my kindness.

Thus then it came to pass, that when I had upon a certain evening invited that woman Pantasilea to supper and had assembled a company of men of parts who were my friends just at the moment of our sitting down to table, Luigi Prieri arrived, and after some complimentary

speeches they both seemed to sing with us. The shameless strumpet seeming het eyes upon the young man's beauty began at once to lay her nets for him perceiving which, when the supper had come to an agreeable end, I took Luigi aside and counseled him by the benefits he said he owed me, to have nothing whatever to do with her. To the he answered: Good brother Benvenuto do you then take me for a madman?"

It came to pass one Sunday evening that we were invited to sup together with the Sienese sculptor Michel Agnolo and the time of the year was summer. Beatrice did whom I have already spoken was present at the party and he had brought with him his old nurse, Pantesilea. When we were at table she set between me and Bachecco but in the very middle of the banquet she rose and excused herself upon the pretext of a natural need saying she would speedily return. We, meanwhile continued talking very agreeably and supping but she remained an unreasonably long time absent. It chanced that, keeping my eyes open I thought I heard a sort of subdued uttering in the street below. I had a knife in hand, which I was using for my service at the table. The window was so close to where I sat that by merely rising, I could see Luigi in the street, together with Pantasilea and I heard Luigi saying: Oh if thee devil Benvennto only saw me shoulder the poor old witch! She answered: Have no fear only listen to the noise they're making, we are the last thing they're thinking of. At these words hating made them both well up, I leaped from the window and took Luigi by the cape and certainly I should then have killed him with the knife I held but that he was riding a white horse to which he clapped spurs leaving his cape in my grasp, in order to preserve his life.

Pantesilea took to her heels in the direction of a neighbouring church. The company at supper rose immediately and came down entreating me in a body to refrain from putting myself and them to inconvenience for a strumpet. I told them that I should not have let myself be moved on her account but that I was beat on punishing the infamous young man who showed how little he regarded me. Accordingly I took my sword, and went alone toward home.

Toward two hours after sunset, I walked toward Pantesilea's dwelling with the intention, if Luigi Pulci were there of doing something in the discomfit of both. When I heard and saw no one but a poor servant girl called Carida was in the house I hid myself by a thick hedge of thorns.

After keeping watch awhile there my friend Bachecco crept up to me in a low voice he called out to me: Friend, I entreat you not to inquire that poor girl, she at least has erred in no wise in this matter—no, not at all. When I heard what he was saying I replied: If you don't take yourself off now, at the first word I utter I will bring my sword here down upon your head.

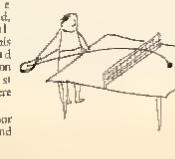
Overwhelmed with fright my poor Bachecco was suddenly taken ill and withdrew to ease himself apart, indeed he could not but obey the call. There were glorious heaven of stars, which shed good light to see by.

All of a sudden I was aware of the noise of many horses they were coming toward me from one side and the other. It turned out to be Luigi and Pantesilea attended by a certain Messer Benvegnato of Perugia who was chamberlain to Pope Clement and followed by four dunghty captains of Perugia with some other valient soldiers in the flower of youth altogether reckoned, there were more than twelve swords. When I understood the matter and saw not how to fly I did my best to crouch into the hedge. But the thorns pricked and hurt me goading me to madness like a bull and I had half resolved to take a leap and hazard my escape. Just then Luigi with his arm round Pantesilea's neck, was heard saying. I must kiss you once again my only one to insult that traitor Benvennto. At that moment annoyed as I was by the prickles and irritated by the young man's words I sprang forth lifted my sword no high and shouted at the top of my voice. You are all dead folk!

My blow descended on the shoulder of Luigi but the satyrs who doted on him had steeled his person round with roots of mail and such like villainous defences still the stroke fell with crushing force. Severing quite the sword hit Pantesilea full on the nose and mouth. Both she and Luigi grovelled on the ground while Bachecco with his breeches down to heels screamed out and ran away.

I turned upon the others boldly with my sword and those valiant fellows seeing a sudden commotion in the tavern thought there was an army coming of a hundred men and though they often then so rude with spurt yet two I once which had taken flight in the thirtieth east them into each direction that a couple of the best riders were thrown and remained unhorsed, I could, seeing that the affair was turning out well for me run as quickly as I could, and came off with honour from the engagement, not wishing to tempt fortune more than was my duty.

EVENTUALLY after some negotiations with the representatives of these officers we made peace. Meanwhile Luigi Pulci having recovered from his wound, rode every day upon the sleek horse which was so well trained to heel and bridle. One day after it had rained a little and he was making his horse curvet just before Pantasilea's door he slipped and fell with the horse upon him. His right leg was broken short off in the thigh and after a few days he died there in Pantasilea's lodgings, discharging thus the vow he registered so heartily to Heaven.



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[Angel 35331 Stereo/Mono]
Reg Harris 1st Suite and 2nd Symphonettes
[Columbia MS 6095 Stereo/Mono] Krassovitsky
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[Columbia ML 5018 Stereo/Mono]
Nielsen's 4th Symphony
[Sp ec LC-3255 Fraser-Simson]
Brahms' First Symphony
[Capitol P 8360 Stereo/Mono]
Sibelius' Swan of Tuonela
[MGM S 3522 Fiedler]
Handel's Water Music Suite
[MGM E 3355 Mono] Scherchen
Stravinsky's The Rake's Progress
[Columbia ML 5102 Stravinsky]
Gershwin's An American in Paris
[Capitol P 8341 Stereo/Mono]
Dukas' The Peri
[Capitol P 8378 Stereo/Mono]
Dukas' Symphony in C Major
[Capitol P 8372 Stereo/Mono]
Ravel's Daphnis et Chloe Suite No 2
[Columbia ML 5112 Ormandy]

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Bach's Cello Sonatas
[Vox LM 9013 Fletcher-Sky]
Lekeu's Violin and Piano Sonata
[Vox LM 2014 Menuhin]
Bach's Partitas for Flute
[Capitol P 8284 Stereo/Mono] Lambert
Sammartini's Recorder Sonatas
[Columbia ML 5110]
Mozart's Clarinet Concerto & Piano and Winds
[Columbia ML 5111]
Mozart's 9th Oboe Concerto
[Vox LM 2011 Goossens]
Poulenc's Concerto for Organ, Strings, Timpani
[MGM S-3341]
Beethoven's 10th Violin and Piano Sonata
[Columbia ML 5076 Oistrakh]
Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue
[Capitol P 8345 Casadesus]

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[Vox LM-2018, Robert Shaw Chorale]
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[Vox LM 5014]
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[Stinson 15 Vol. 1 Argument]
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[Capitol P 8358 Lomax]
Pete Seeger's Dust Bowl Ballads
[Folkways FA 2035 Seeger]
Ellington's Black, Brown and Beige
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Murietta's BURIED GOLD

"Isn't there a place down at the edge of the desert where the original Jackass Mail Stage Station has been restored?" Roy asked.

"Yes," I replied. "It's the Vallecito Stage Station."

"That's it!" Roy set up and pounded a heavy fist on the arm of his chair. "I remember now. Vallerito is the name Gus told me! Do you know anything about it?"

"The place was a favorite resting spot for early day travelers crossing the desert from Yuma, Arizona, to the Perris Crest," I told him. "The stop was a part of the great Butterfield Overland Mail and Stage System about the time of the Civil War."

"Is there a small creek near the place?"

"Not over a hundred yards away. The creek comes down out of the Laguna Mountains which rise from the floor of the desert on the south. It passes behind the Station, and sinks into the sandy Carriso Wash a short distance beyond."

"There was a fellow by the name of Gus Johnson down at the shop where I work," Roy began. "Last fall he took his girl friend down in the desert foothills. They left town before daylight, and drove to this old Stage Station."

"They took a trail that starts behind the Stage Station and heads up into the mountains."

"One of the main Indian trails out of the desert," I broke in. "It goes up into their home country in the Laguna Mountains. You'll find it still plainly marked and easy to follow."

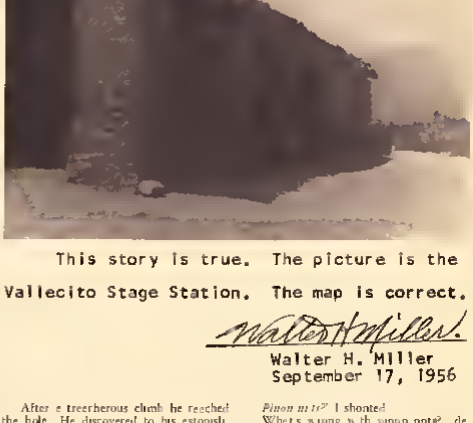
"Gus and his girl friend had gone several miles following the general direction of this old Indian trail when they came to a place where a fire had recently burned off all the brush and weeds over a considerable area. It left the ground naked and blackened... and a great many rocks formerly concealed now stood exposed. Among a cluster of these rocks they found one of those *olla* water pots that holds three or four gallons of water."

"There has been several of 'em found down there," I told him. "The Indians kept them scattered along the trails coming out of the desert. It was the duty of the squaws to keep them filled with fresh water."

"Then I suppose they found another one," I suggested.

"They sure did," Roy said. "Got so excited they began searching every cluster of rocks in this burned off area."

"Late that afternoon they reached the edge of a wash with steep walled banks about thirty or forty feet high. About that time Gus spotted a small hole in the side of the bank opposite the place where they were standing."



This story is true. The picture is the Vallecito Stage Station. The map is correct.

Walter H. Miller
September 17, 1956

After a treacherous climb he reached the hole. He discovered to his astonishment that it was the entrance to a small cave the mouth of which long since had been sealed shut by human hands. Gus had a flashlight in his pocket and was able to peer into this cavern. He could make out a room. Sitting on the floor were maybe twenty *ollas* all apparently in perfect condition each jar having a lid on it.

"What did Gus do?" I demanded eagerly.

"Well," continued Roy. "Gus said the edible meat used to plug the opening was baked hard as stone. It was about all he could do to keep Gus did manage to get his arm into the hole far enough to touch the nearest jar. Somehow he got the lid off. The pot was filled with pinon nuts."

"*Pinon nuts?*" I shouted.

"What's wrong with pinon nuts?" demanded Roy.

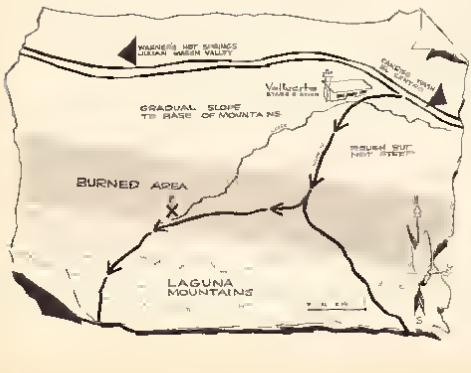
"Nothing," I told him. "Finish your story. Then I'm going to tell you one."

"There's not much more to tell," Roy answered. "By this time it was getting late. Mentally marking the location in their minds they resolved to return as soon as possible, bringing a pick and shovel. Gus told me all about it the next day during our lunch hour."

"And I suppose when they got back they were unable to find the place again?" I smiled knowingly.

"It was worse than that," Roy said. "Gus was killed in an automobile accident a few days later. His girl friend quit her job, and went back east to her folks."

Roy paused and grinned broadly at me. "Think of all Over a dozen *ollas* worth



[illegible] hucks [illegible] just sitting in the [illegible] sitting but somebody like us [illegible] sitting.

"I'm thinking of it all right" I replied seriously. "Also I'm thinking of a story Laguna Indian told me several years ago."

"What do you mean?" Roy asked.

"Ever hear of Joaquin Murieta?" I asked them.

"The Mexican bandit?" Roy cried. "The fellow that caused so much trouble up in the Mother Lode Country during the gold rush days? Sure I've heard of him."

Then the fellow replied. Court blame him much for being, the American miners. They had unjustly hanged his brother. In three months, then shot to the later drunken gang brutally assaulted and murdered his wife. Like most people, I have type he didn't outlaw into vengeance to the guilty but killed all Americans who got in his path.

As legend goes Murieta had a hideout in Calaveras County near the town of Murphys. He had captured many pounds of gold and other loot from the miners. This stuff was cached in the nearby hills.

It seems whenever Murieta took his gang on one of their rounds he left a couple of men behind in charge of the camp. These selected guys knew they'd do it three or more days a week for the job. It was usually an unwanted task and divided [illegible] pressed around among the men. So they periodically waited until it was their turn and both of them collected by Murieta.

As soon as the raiding party left camp they'd hobble the cache loaded the loot on a couple of mules and departed. Murieta followed them as far as Stanislaus County but they had a good start and were successful in getting away.

About twenty miles below the Valley Stage Station the outlaws made a brief meteoric. They chanced [illegible] push, ment by taking a few shots at a pretty rich Laguna Indian rancher, up out of the desert. As far as I know, these three are still down there in the Cerro Verde.

The Indians avoided the [illegible] and other markets but they had no use for all that gold. So shortly after leaving the Valley to Valley and starting up the trail you mentioned they decided to get rid of the stuff. The Indians held a ceremony way up the side of the mountain where they kept a supply of water stored in [illegible]. They placed this gold in some of these jars carried the top with pinyon nuts then sealed up the mouth of the cave. In time the location of the place became forgotten because a legend told around their camp fires. As far as I know those [illegible] filled with Murieta's gold have never been found.

I broke off suddenly to look at Roy and May who sat sterling, at me in stunned amazement. Here indeed was a hint treasure worth going after.

"Now, what you and Roy thinking about this cave—" began May eagerly.

"I can't guess," I replied. "But some day soon we'll go down there and look around."

And there's where I made my mistake. That some day came just never seemed to arrive. The weeks slipped [illegible] their years.

Later I did manage to get down to the Valley to Stage Station with a party of friends on a week's outing. While there I met the Forest Ranger of the District. He pointed out to me the path along the base of the mountains made by the three Cahuilla told about. Black grass slowly [illegible] the desert and the sort of [illegible] fire [illegible] still plainly visible from the Station.

There were in the early Summer. It gets mighty hot in those hills during the summer. I couldn't leave my friends and go hiking off by myself to search all [illegible] hole in the bank of a sweltering wash some place a half dozen miles up in those barren foothills. Now I can't go. My health is not permit me to attempt such a search. The same can be said about Roy. For [illegible] the time of opportunity has passed.

+

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COLT

[continued from page 45]

gunsmith A. T. Baxter's shop in Baltimore, Maryland.

Paying Baxter was a bad idea, though. Pearson and Colt, so they entered into a contract directly in June. Pearson agreed to work for Colt for weekly wages. Ten dollars per week. Ten hours in each day (Sundays excepted.) That way the work cost Sam less, and Pearson made more. Sam set the gunsmith up in his own shop, which Sam, with a fine business sense, arranged that Pearson should rent from Sam's brother John, then living in Baltimore.

Pearson was a meticulous and sick imitator of great skill. Born in Nottingham, England about 1803, he worked in his boyhood as an apprentice to a clockmaker. He developed into a precision mechanist. In those days, precision work meant on the order of 1/64". But examples of his handiwork prove Pearson was a very competent man.

Through the next two years, Pearson worked for Colt. Sam toured the settled parts of the United States, giving his lengthy gas lectures, and Pearson stayed in Baltimore chopping out guns. This was slow, tedious work. Colt would spend an elated evening sketching out a modification or new idea in a revolver principle. Then Pearson would take the flat paper and convert it into a three-dimensional firearm that worked. No ordinary man, Pearson showed the degree of talent which was equivalent to inventing. In writing directions to be sent to relay to Pearson, Colt said "Tell him to exercise the best of his judgement in putting the lock (mechanism of the revolver) together. And later Pearson heatedly wrote to Sam about some wage contract change. He declared: I may work all day and study all night, but to improve your work, for which you offer me $1.50 each day. Pearson was taking Colt's sketches and wild ideas, and making guns to conform to them. The existing models chew this.

When Colt's hasty company began business in March of 1836, he had no further use for his Baltimore gunsmith. Indeed, Pearson had been dunning Sam for some back wages, and threatened to stop his work if Colt did not pay. Wisely Colt kicked through with the money. Several advanced designs of pistols in his college iron done by Pearson but clearly unfinished proved how wise Colt was. Since he had obtained patents in England, France and the U.S. and was finally in business making guns, Colt wanted no interference. He paid Pearson in full.

Pearson then dropped from the story. Strangely he seems not to have practiced his profession of gunmaker since he never does not appear in any lists of gunmakers. Firearms made by him are unknown although it is definitely known that he later engaged in gunsmithing.

✠

ATTACK!

[continued from page 24]

overheard. Forget it, I said. There's probably not a soldier in your army who doesn't want to go home now and get some rest.

It was about the middle of the afternoon when the trouble started. King Sendar came up then, on the biggest war elephant in his army with a picked royal bodyguard. As soon as I saw that bodyguard I knew we were in for a difficult time. The Major led a party out to meet them; some were mother naked, some were half-clad, one or two were still in full uniform.

The royal bodyguard tore into them with swords and spears. Despite their offers of capitulation, Nedare's force was cut to pieces. When I saw her go down before a gnarling painted Ithyan I realized that King Sendar had thrown a troop of *berserkers* at us.

We had a truck or two under our command yet. I didn't know about this myself. It was apparently a well-kept secret among the High Command. But the middle of our line opened up and out rushed a troop of fet chiming boys!

Most of them weren't Asiatuans of course—our sexual mores have nothing against homosexuality but the prevailing moral atmosphere is so congenial to heterosexuality that its opposite never develops. However the High Command had heard of the Ithyan Royal Bodyguard and had recruited some boys of twelve through sixteen from the Hill Men. They were trained and led by a few Asiatian homosexuals and sent against the Ithyans.

The stratagem worked perfectly. Soon the royal guard was engaged in battle and disarmed like all the rest. When he saw this, King Sendar leaped down from his war carriage.

I was busy with four or five Ithyans and since we were nearest he came rushing over to us with drawn sword—ordering his men to stop fattening us and start killing us. The Ithyan soldiers were either too tired to obey or more intent on coupling than killing so they paid no attention.

Cowards! Lechers! he shouted. Stop this lustfulness! On-ward to victory and glory! When he saw that this got no results he ran one of the Ithyans through with his sword. He then grabbed me and probably would have lopped my head off if one of his own men hadn't crushed his skull with a mace.

Well, by the end of the day most of the action was over. A few of the more vigorous Ithyans still had to be put down, but most of them were only too willing to go home.

When the last Ithyan had been disposed of I went back to Dharma and slept for sixteen hours.

That was the last time Aetertie was ever invaded and I guess there'll never be another. We keep up the army of course and every girl gets her training, but there'll never be another battle like Dharma.

It's getting late, noted the punctual Charhame. Hadn't we better be getting back?

We'll have to wait for Alen and the girl, said Statiha.

"Hmmm! said Cheeheme. I wonder if he knew that she placed first in her cadet class last year.

✠

BERNARD BENSON

(continued from page 11)

then he shuddered. What if it were the covered thing that he, a respectable citizen of Center City was keeping from? He lay awake for the rest of the night, tossing and turning. Only when the first crow of a rooster rose above his wife's labored guttural snoring did he think of something and relax with a smile.

AT 9:25 BERNARD BENSON parked his shiny black Cadillac in the lot next to the bank and went to the front door, unlocking it. He stepped inside, turned the blinds and crossed to his mahogany desk. He was alone. Miss Temple would appear in a few minutes; he knew from experience. She would use her own key to enter, blow him a kiss and hurry to her cage. The others would file in soon thereafter.

At 9:30 Bernard sat impatiently at his desk tapping the glass top with his letter opener, watching the door. It opened. Charley Wilson, chief teller, not Miss Temple, entered. "Hi, boss! Cloudy called. "Say, you look beat. Have a bad night?

Irritated, Bernard thought of what his wife had said.

"Stomach," he said sourly. "Too much squab."

Wilson moved to the rear of the bank to open the safe for the day's business whistling distractedly. Bernard sat watching the door, unable to get started on his mail. Then, as the hands of the big brass clock moved to 9:32, the door opened. Miss Temple swept in.

Bernard cleared his throat. He watched her sway across the lobby, her spiked heels clicking over the tiled floor. She moved with sensual energy. Bernard thought that tight, green dress doesn't belong in a teller's cage. He suddenly grew her without her dress, standing at the window, breathing night air.

"Hi there!" Miss Temple looked revishing redhead. "Guess I'm a little late—I overslept. Say, you feel all right? Amity Temple stopped in front of the bank vice president's desk. She leaned far over, so that Bernard had to close his eyes. She placed the moist palm of her hand on his forehead. He gasped. Her nostrils were of her strong perfume.

"—that is your clock is twelve minutes slow, Miss Temple."

Amity Temple stepped back and raised an eyebrow. "Why, Mister Benson!" she said, her voice engagingly low. "Have you been peeking into my bedroom?"

Benson pulled, choked. "Why, no! Of course not! I only guessed that—"

Miss Temple laughed. "You are *so* psychic, honey. But let me get you some water. You're running a fever!"

"No. I'm fine," Bernard said thickly. "Just a touch of indigestion."

Miss Temple crossed to the water cooler and came back with a lily cup half full of cool water. She held an aspirin tablet in her other hand. Bernard swallowed the aspirin. "Thank you," he mumbled. "And forget about being late."

Later he stole furtive glimpses of Miss Temple as she efficiently handled the line of customers at her window. He could see only from her waist up, but then that was the half of her he knew intimately. He swallowed three tranquilizer pills and got to work. He turned down three small business deals that seemed a little risky and then granted one G. I. Loan with a sudden surge of patriotism. The G. I.'s wife was a pretty redhead reminding him of Miss Temple.

Just before closing, Bernard's heart seized up a little when he caught a glimpse of Miss Temple adjusting her stocking as she stepped from her cage. "Better get a good night's sleep, Mr. Benson," she said, dropping onto the edge of his big desk, beside his framed picture of Laura. And incidentally—" she paused to freshen her lipstick "—I'll remember to set my clock up tonight."

The girl looked at Bernard through half closed eyes. In one pane he felt his heart skip a beat. He clutched the edge of the desk as she blew him a kiss and clicked across the lobby and left.

THE STARS WERE brilliant at 11:15. Bernard phoned in the three flights from the east coast as they came over on schedule.

The time passed more quickly than he had thought possible.

At eleven thirty Miss Temple stepped into her bedroom and snapped on the light then went to the bathroom. Her standard telescope was waiting when twelve minutes later she returned, fresh and perfumed for the night and stepped to the window. She opened it and stood there in the nude, breathing deeply. Her breasts rose up, full like the moon peering above the horizon.

She recrossed the room to her dresser, standing against the rose-patterned wallpaper. She picked up the clock. It said 11:39. She turned it back to the window and set on the sill, setting the minute hand ahead 15 minutes to 11:42.

Then she stood up, holding the clock loosely against her belly as she looked across the alone into the night. Suddenly she smiled, placed her fingertips to her lips and blew a kiss out across the night sky.

Miss Temple snapped off the light and lay back on her bed, listening to the heavy throated rumble of a giant B-36 intercontinental bomber moving across the cold stars, somewhere high in the stratosphere. The sound lulled her to sleep.

Laure found Bernard collapsed on the platform beside his telescope, dead of a heart attack. Sobbing she called the doctor.

Next day the Center City Republican reported how Bernard Benson had died at his post on his night watch as a CODC hero. There was speculation that he had mistaken a B-36 Air Force bomber for a Russian plane.

And at the State Bank, Miss Temple arrived promptly at 9:30 a.m. and quietly crossed the tile lobby, her spiked heels clicking loudly. She blew a silent kiss toward Bernard's empty desk and stepped into her cage to freshen her lipstick and go to work. ✠

Books For Men

BUSINESS:
Planning the Future: Strategy for Your Business—from leaders of the Harvard Conference. Buell & Fenn
Urban Mortgage Lending—comparative markets and techniques. Norton
The American Business Creed. Sutton

ADVENTURE:
The Last Voyage of the Lusitania—the account of the torpedoing by a German U-boat. Hashagen
Squadron Airborne—the story of the Battle of Britain in photographs. Taylor
Gorilla Hunter—true life story set in the Cameroons. Merfield

HUMOR:
The Girl He Left Behind—postwar army as seen by the "See Here, Private Hargrove" author. Hargrove
The Funny Men—A TV scrambler hits his field. Allen
Short Trot Through a Cultured Mind—British humor. Campbell

WAR BETWEEN THE STATES:
Mr. Lincoln's Admirals—Sea battles of the war. MacGartney
Yankee Reporters—the journalists who covered the war. Crozier
Beloved—the story of Jubal P. Early's private brains of the Confederacy. Palmer

SPORTS:
Sportsmen's Guide to the Caribbean. Blair
The Walter Hagen Story—about the man who gave golf a professional status. Hagen
Tiger Wears Spikes—story of Ty Cobb. McCallum

ARCHAEOLOGY:
Treasure in the Thames—description of life in the English river from ancient days. Neal Hume

OTHER NATIONS:
The Cross of Iron—German army's fight in retreat across Russia. Wills
Meir Sells—pioneer's fight to live in Israel. Hazan

EDUCATION
Books that Changed the World—16 books that have wielded the balance of power in men's minds. Downs
The Mind Grows Forth—understanding in group and personal relationships. Overstreet
The Hostile Mind—a psychoanalytic discussion. Sent

ASTRONOMY
The Exploration of Mars—two of the world's greatest authorities in rocket research speak. Ley & von Braun
Guide to Mars. Mucke

MISCELLANEOUS:
How To Select and Use Your Tape Recorder. Mink
Going to the Opera—entertainment introduction on the whys and wherefores of the opera. Salter

(continued from page 18)

like a vise and then the massive leg dropped from the groin. Haggerty was ready. He twisted aside taking the force on his thigh. The power of the kick almost numbed his leg. Quickly Haggerty brought the side of his palm down against the thick neck. It was a killing blow but the momentum of flesh merely staggered Haggerty a step.

Haggerty checked as the massive hit continued at him. Then whipped back with a left and a right that rocked against Muller's jaw. The giant blinked and lowered his head. He came forward again. Haggerty steeled himself. Each punch he delivered was for Kevin. The thought added strength to his body.

The arm seeshed into him again dripping skin from Haggerty's face as he sidestepped. The fury of his rush carried Muller into the bar, knocking bottles and glasses from the shelves behind it. Before Muller could untangle Haggerty drove a left right left into the massive head. Blood smeared Muller's face as he turned toward Haggerty again.

"I'll kill you," he roared. "I'll break every bone in your body."

Haggerty's eyes danced dangerously. "Here I am punk. Come on and try it." He stepped forward to meet the smeared monster and a hand from the floor suddenly gripped his ankle savagely. He pulled free and drove his heel into Devereux's instep. But the giant was on him.

The knuckled sized fist rammed against Haggerty's jaw almost tipping his head from the neck. Again the sledge hammer arm drove and the detective's head began to swim. Then the gorilla's fingers reached for his throat and dug in. Desperately Haggerty tugged at the massive arm trying to tear it from his tortured throat, but the brutal fingers seemed riveted. He kicked frantically to free himself as he felt himself sinking away. Goodbye stranger. The smoking office whirled in his ears. You're going a long ways now, Jack like that soldier boy. Then Haggerty went berserk!

He ripped loose from the paralyzing grip and pounded to his feet like a demon from hell. A fury met the astonished giant who rose to meet him. Right, left, right left exploded into Muller's face. The giant staggered back, he threw a raw mass. Haggerty closed in. The arm first thundered against Haggerty's head but the detective shook it off blindly. A right sang into Muller's gut and nailing him up. An uppercut drove the freak back on his heels. A right crashed smashed Muller against a wall threatening the building. The giant held up his arms to protect himself as the lightning punches dynamited sickeningly into his frightened face. A right that had every ounce of Haggerty's hate crashed against the trembling jaw. The giant swayed like a wounded elephant.

Haggerty stepped back and measured him. An elbow ricocheted viciously into the dazed face ripping teeth from the torn gums. The lights went out in Muller's eyes. Another right shot into the sagging jaw and Muller crashed to the floor.

Haggerty stood over him panting. That was only half the job. His face a marble mask he leaned down and grabbed the massive arm in his hands and dragged the unconscious giant across the floor. Gently as the silent intruders watched, he propped the huge arm against the bar rest. Then he brought his leg down with all his strength. The giant screamed as the bones smashed. Again the leg was raised and again Haggerty came down. Someone in the back vomited as the broken bones came through the skin.

Haggerty looked at the mashed pen arm then stepped back. That arm would never hurt anyone again. His eyes swept around the silent challenging those around him but nobody moved. Without a word he left the bar.

HE STOPPED at the first decent motel outside of town and bathed his bruised face. Then he dropped his weary frame on the clean linen. Maybe it hadn't been the lawful way to handle the situation. The way he liked to do things. But under the code of Cattle Class it was fair. Tomorrow he would head North again. Tonight he was very tired. He closed his eyes. ✠

JAZZ

(continued from page 12)

my Dotch.

George Avakian of Columbia Records caught her last year and paired her on a record with the Jazz Messengers. They like each other so well they set off on a tour together.

Rita and her drum playing husband, Wee Bikken, have toured Africa, Spain, France, England and Sweden. "When we feel like it and we're offered a good contract," she says, "we just pack up and go."

JEAN THIELEMANS

If Belgian Jean Thielemans (nommettures he gives in to American ways and spells it John Thiians) weren't a first rate guitar player the world not have been playing the guitar for George Shearing for the past three years. But his music is conspicuous contribution to jazz has been his success in annihilating the lowly harmonica with a frill dress on it.

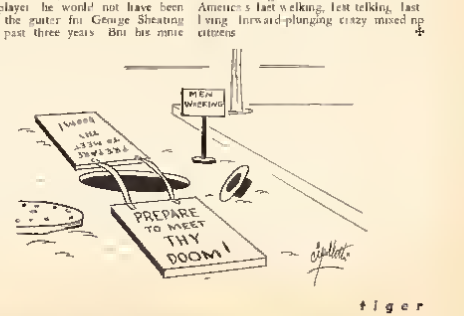
The beer thing," says Jean "is that I play the harmonica as an instrument not a toy. It has as many potentialities. You can get clarinet tones violin effects chord effects in octaves some of the last tones have a piano sound but it can also bounce like a tenor.

I use a three octave chromatic harmonica (it costs about $12 to $18) and with sufficient practice I can play anything in any key. The biggest problem, of course, is phrasing because notes are alternately blown and inhaled. If you really want to improvise on the harmonica you have to know your instrument thoroughly know everything it can do.

Jean born in Brussels in 1922 picked up the harmonica while he majored in mechanics at college. In 1941 he heard Django Reinhardt and he dived for the nearest guitar and began to learn it. He began to get jobs mostly in American GI haunts overseas and then was tapped by Benny Goodmen for a small unit European tour in 1950. In 1951 he came to America.

For the sole purpose of bettering his technique the mustached Belgian gave in the pleasing of the college professor he had originally intended to be. He foresaw jazz student duos not really brave to come to the States. If he is *gifted* and if he has enough desire to learn he will be able to do so from the records. They are the best books and he will be able to acquire control of the language of jazz. And as far as formal knowledge is concerned there are good music schools all over the world not talking. In my personal experience I doubt very much whether the foreign jazz student will be able to steep only from the records all the meaning all the notes the feeling behind them. That is the one thing I have learned in the States.

And that one thing—the very artistic essence of jazz—is the power which as Jutte Hipp discovered can only grow and flourish along stateside sidewalks under America's hot walking, fast talking, fast living, forward-plunging crazy mixed up citizens. ✠



Meet Sam.....

We've had many letters from you asking about the different types of TIGERS you think we should feature. Since TIGER is, as we stated on our October issue, a State of Mind, there can therefore be many physical types of TIGERS

We happen to have featured Hiram in the first 3 issues, (see page 4 of this issue).

We've got a lot of physical types of TIGERS, just as there are a lot of you. From time to time we'll show them all But whatever they look like or whatever they dress like, they have one thing in common —, they're all TIGERS!

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Nestled among the hills of California is a nudist camp which Ed DeLong claims is the home of many of the world's most beautiful women. Naturally, at hearing this we challenged Ed to put up or shut up. He put up Dianne Webber. We shut up.

Now, we have never been to a nudist camp mainly because we've never been invited. But according to Ed, you run around in absolutely nothing but smiles. That's why Dianne's feet are dirty. Good healthy contact with Mother Earth. It seems that there are other ways to have good healthy contact with Mother Earth, while at a nudist camp. Still, we've never been invited.

Dianne seems to be most welcome, and why not? If you had a 38" bust, with a 25" waist and hips, zowie! [illegible] you'd be invited too.

And Dianne? She has one complaint against men [illegible] they dress too much. Seems they cover up what a woman [illegible] well, you know what she means.

For those of you who want to see the you-know-what simply drop a line to Dianne Webber, Happy Bottom Nudist Camp, Box 188, Chicago 90, Illinois.

We will forward all letters promptly. If you do get asked, please let us know. We'd like to hear how you liked it.

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